MAYFAIR

ENTERTAINMENT FOR MEN

Vol. 7 No. 7 30p

YES! IT'S THE SUNDAY TIMES NUDE

OUR MAN TESTS THOSE SEX-SHOP TOYS

FLY WITHOUT FLAPPING

GIRLS WITH INSTANT URGE
–new Quest survey

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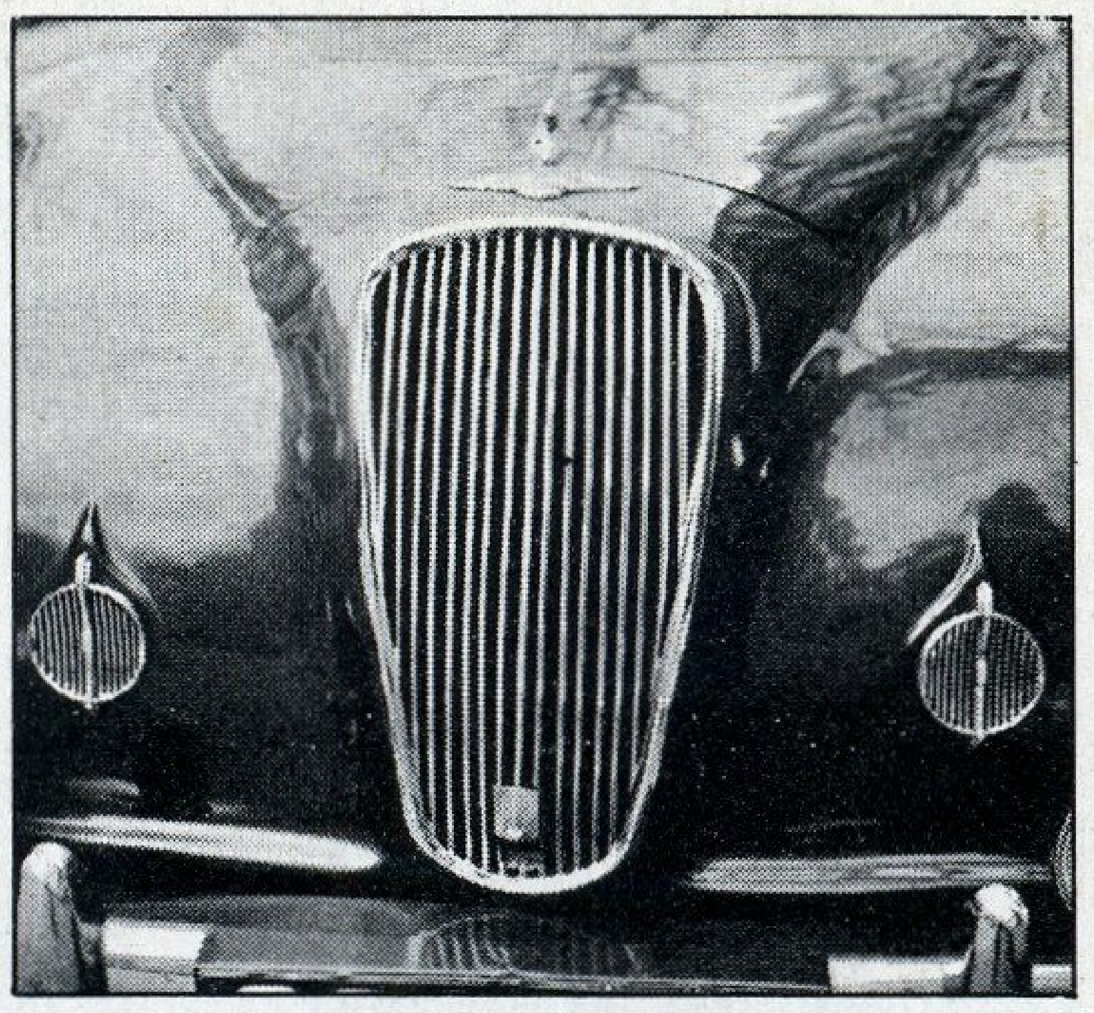
TOAST OF SUMMER P 19

SAILS TALK P 44


LOOK AT LAGONDAS P 76

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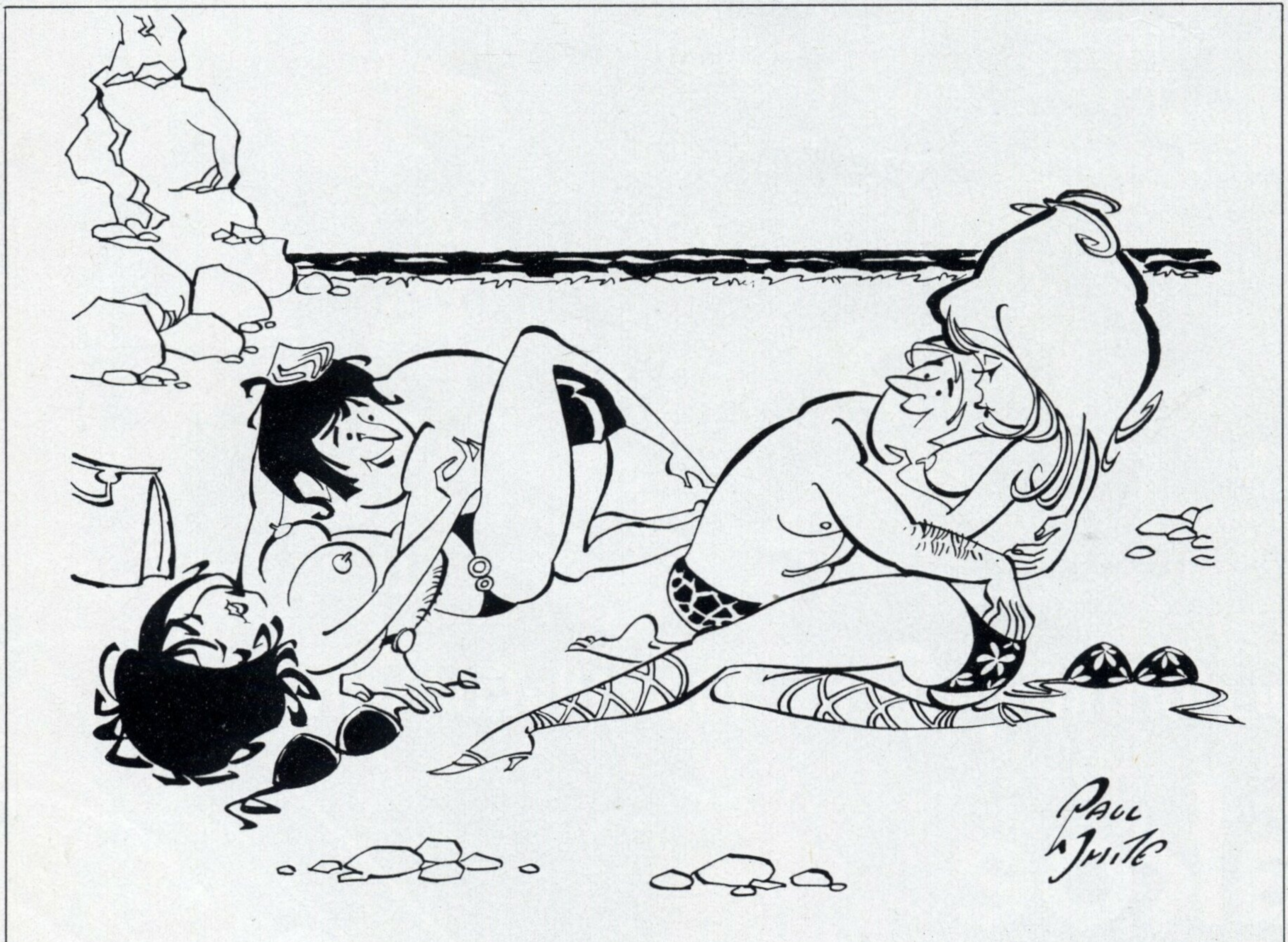
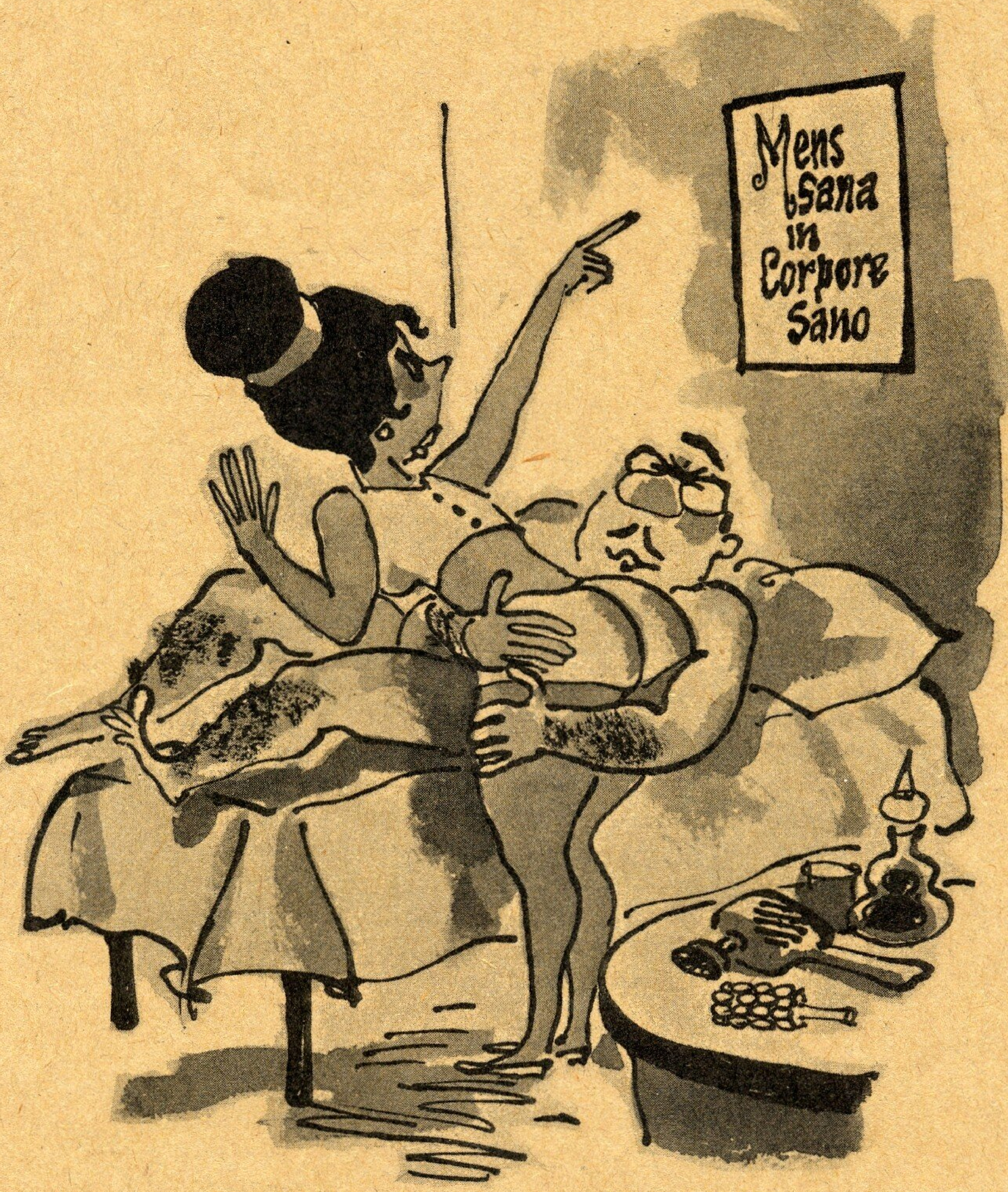
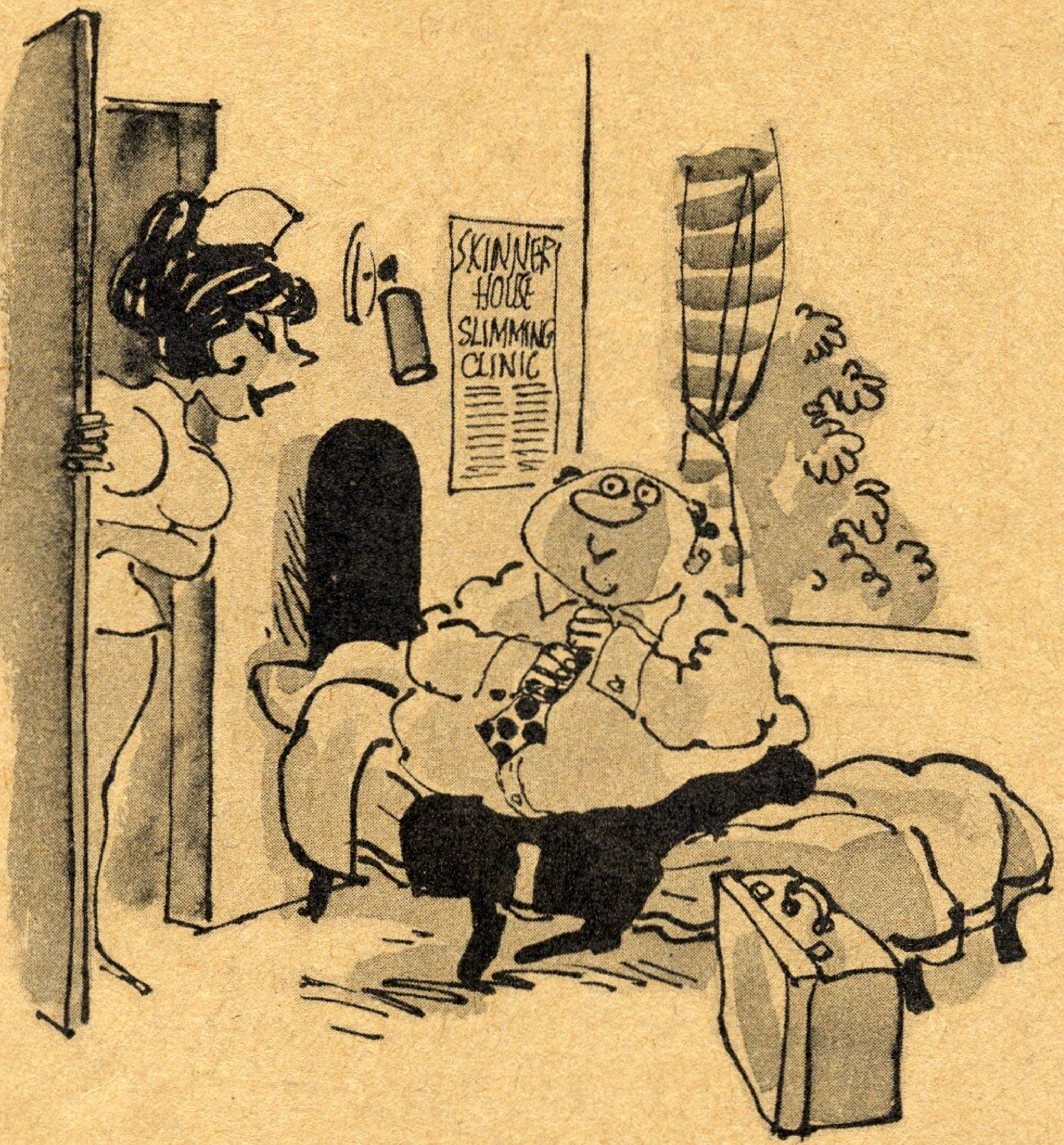


'Last one in is a sissy!'

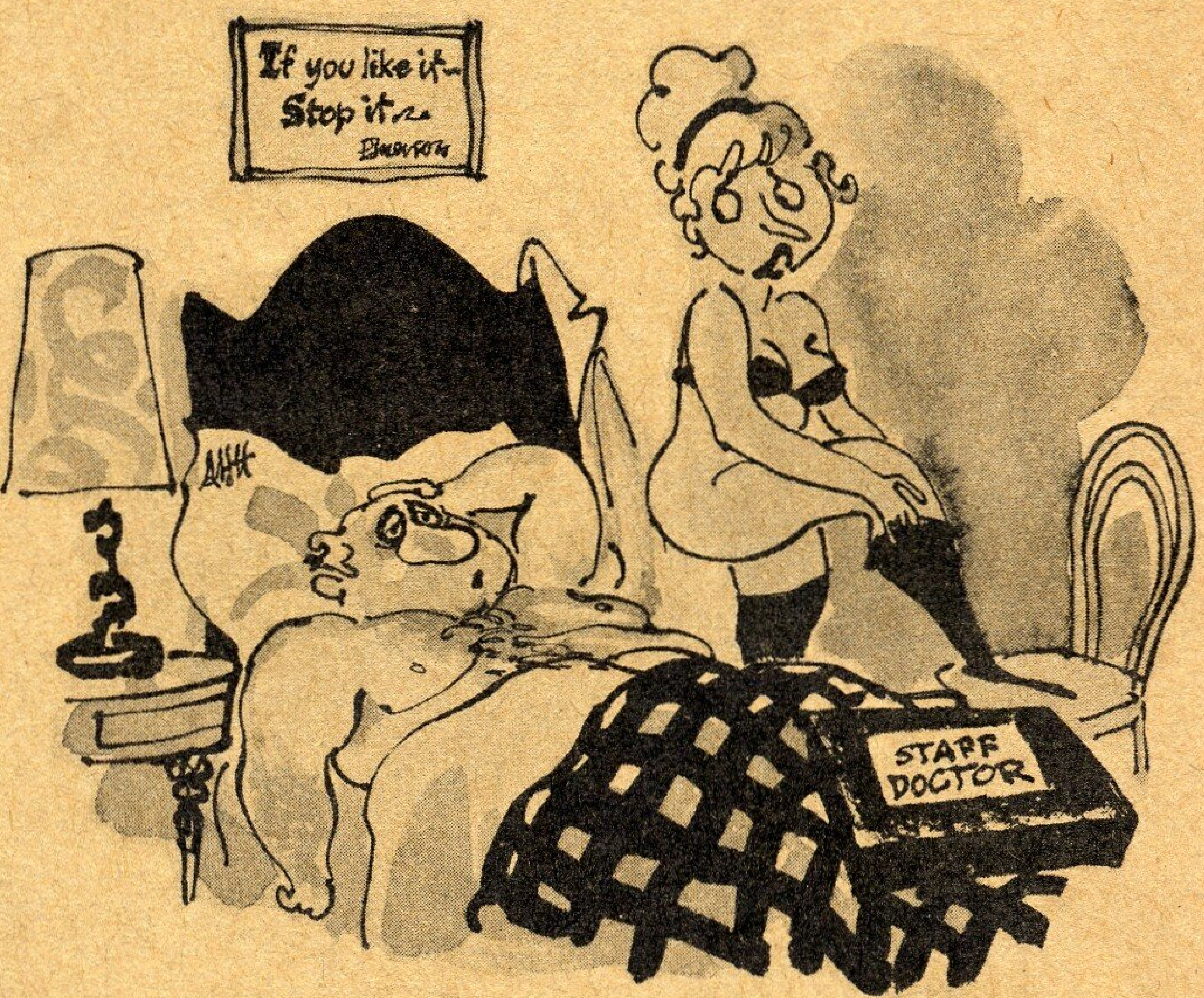

Mens
Sana
in
Corpore
Sano

A HEALTH FARMER'S LIFE FOR ME!

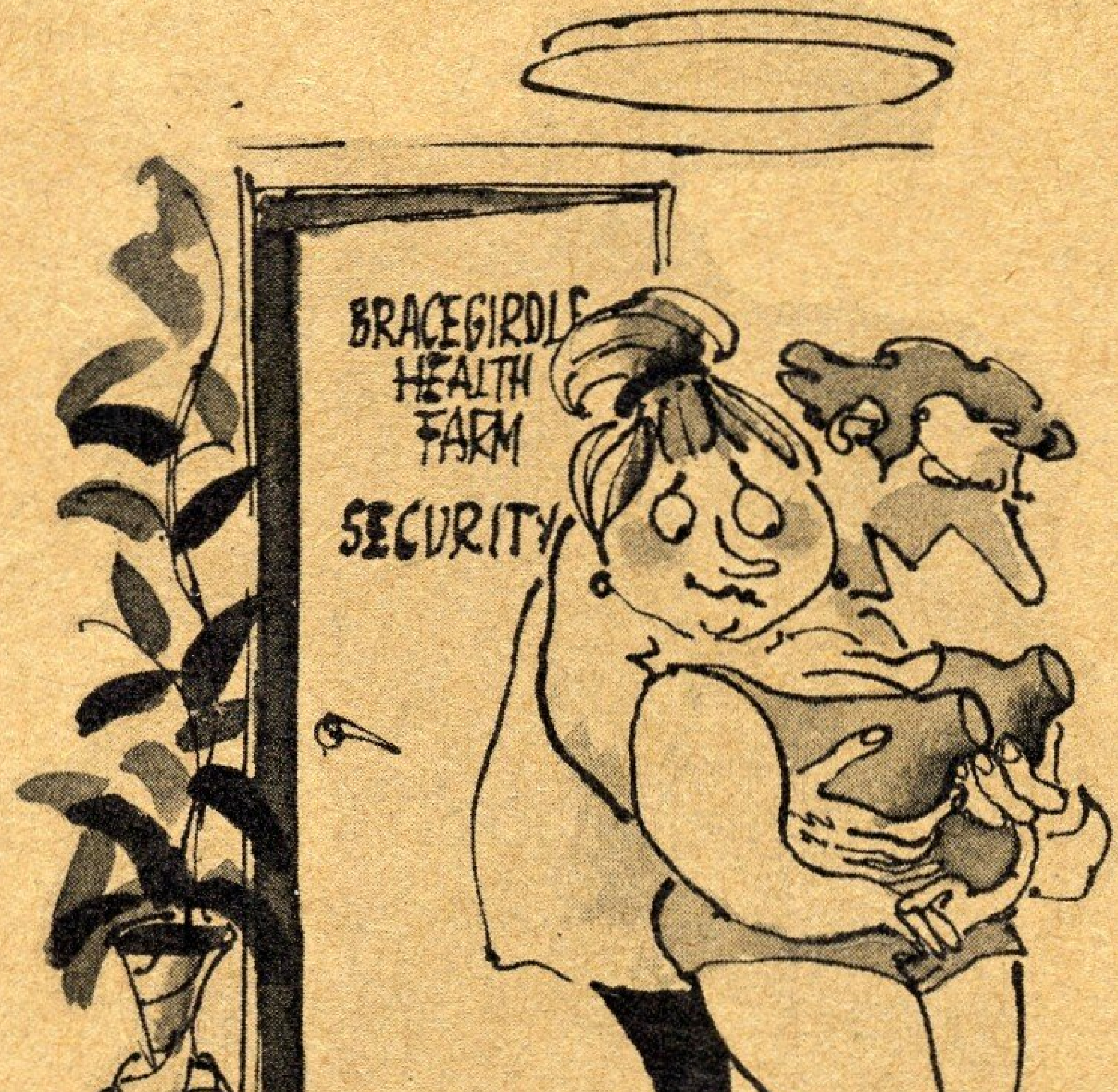
Slimming is big business these days. And
with so much superfluous flesh about, Roy Raymonde
feels health farm fun takes only one form


SKINNER HOUSE SLIMMING CLINIC

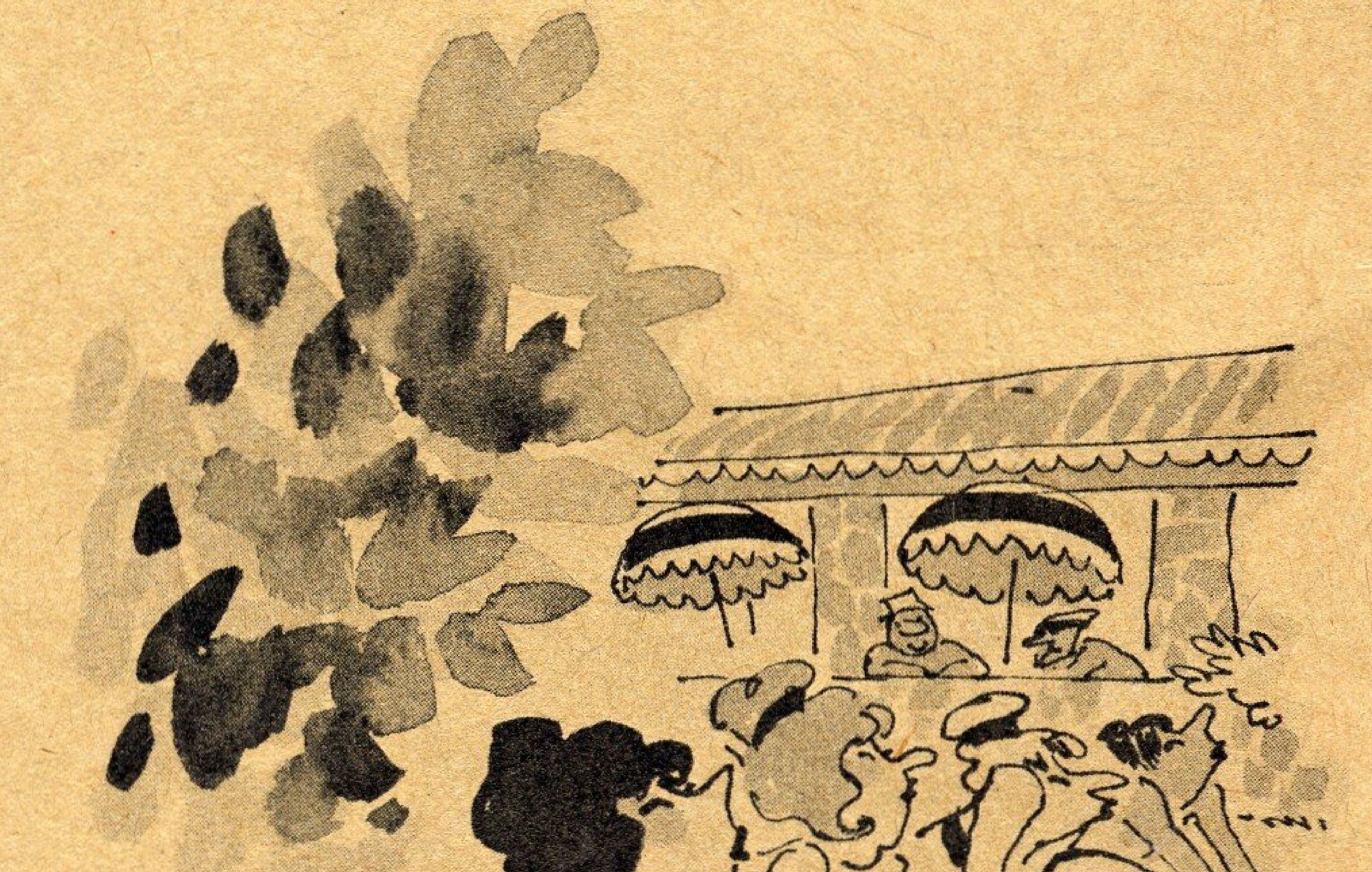
'You'll get your reward, Mr Bagley, when there's room for both of us in that bed.'


If you like it— Stop it
AAH
STAFF DOCTOR

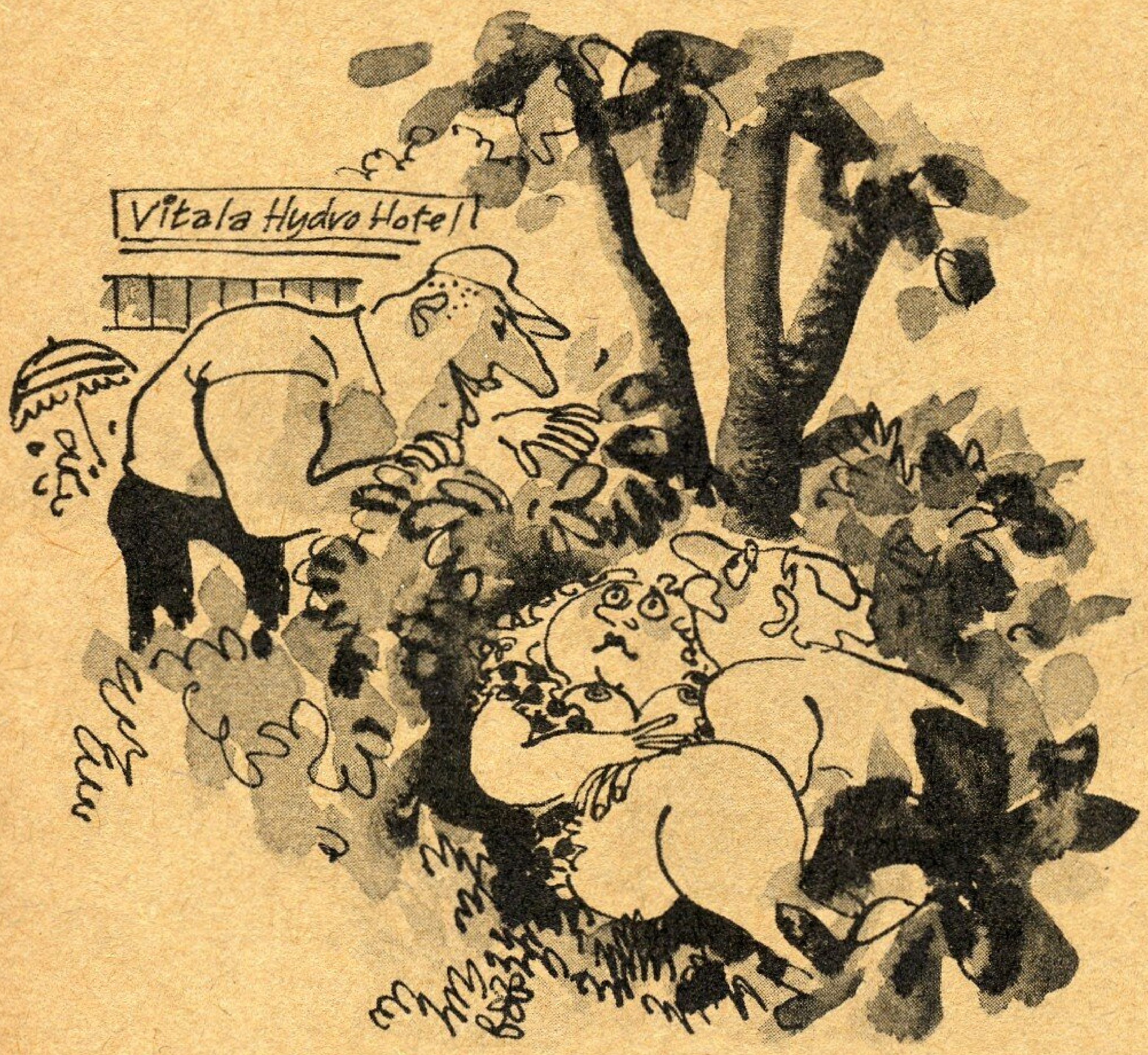
'I don't see how *I can help you, Mrs Overly, if you persist in treating the equivalent of a ten-mile run like a thirty-yard sack race.'*


BRACEGIRDLE HEALTH FARM
SECURITY

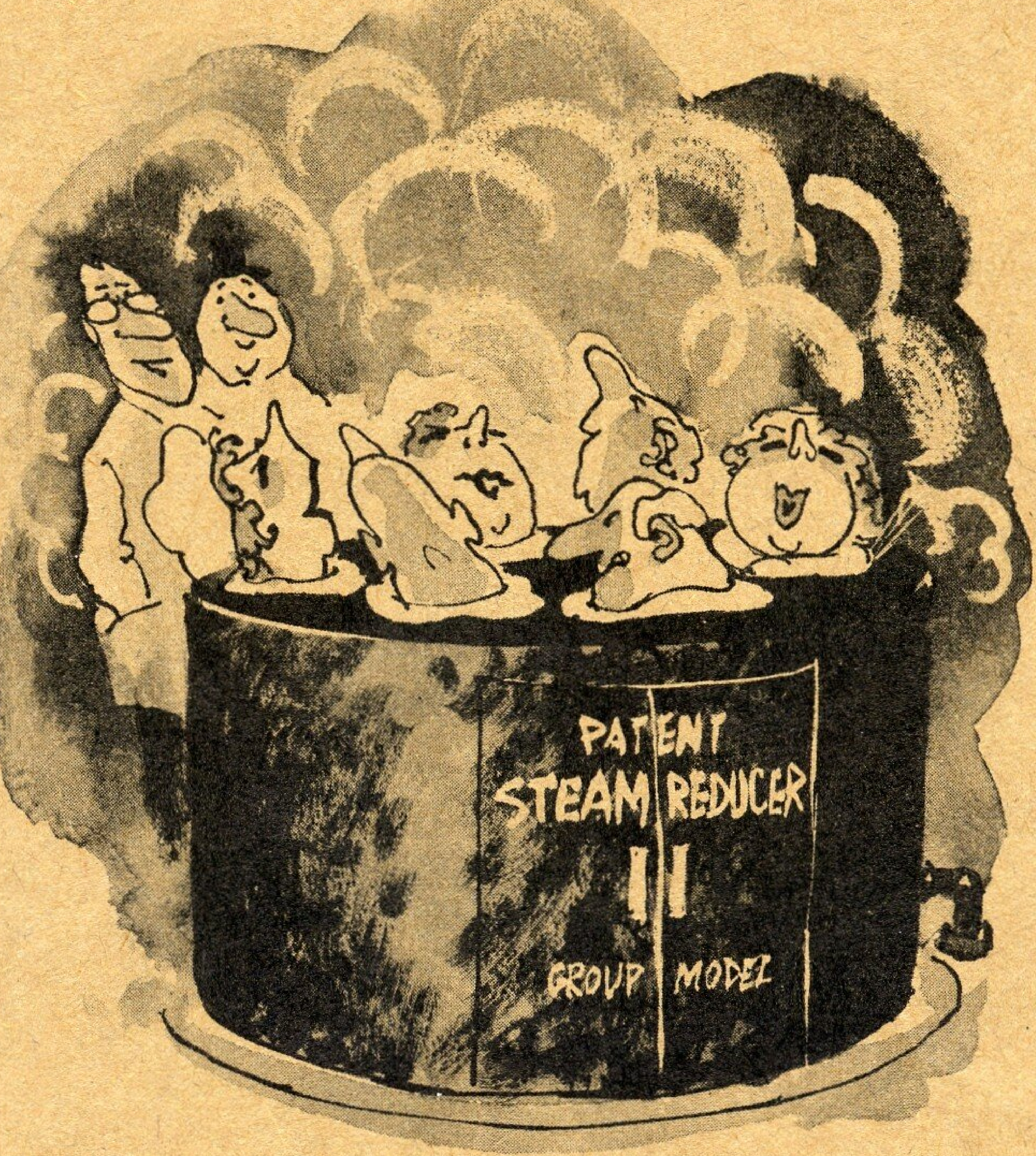
'You can't fool an old hand like me, Mrs Mountjoy – they're chocolate cup cakes!'



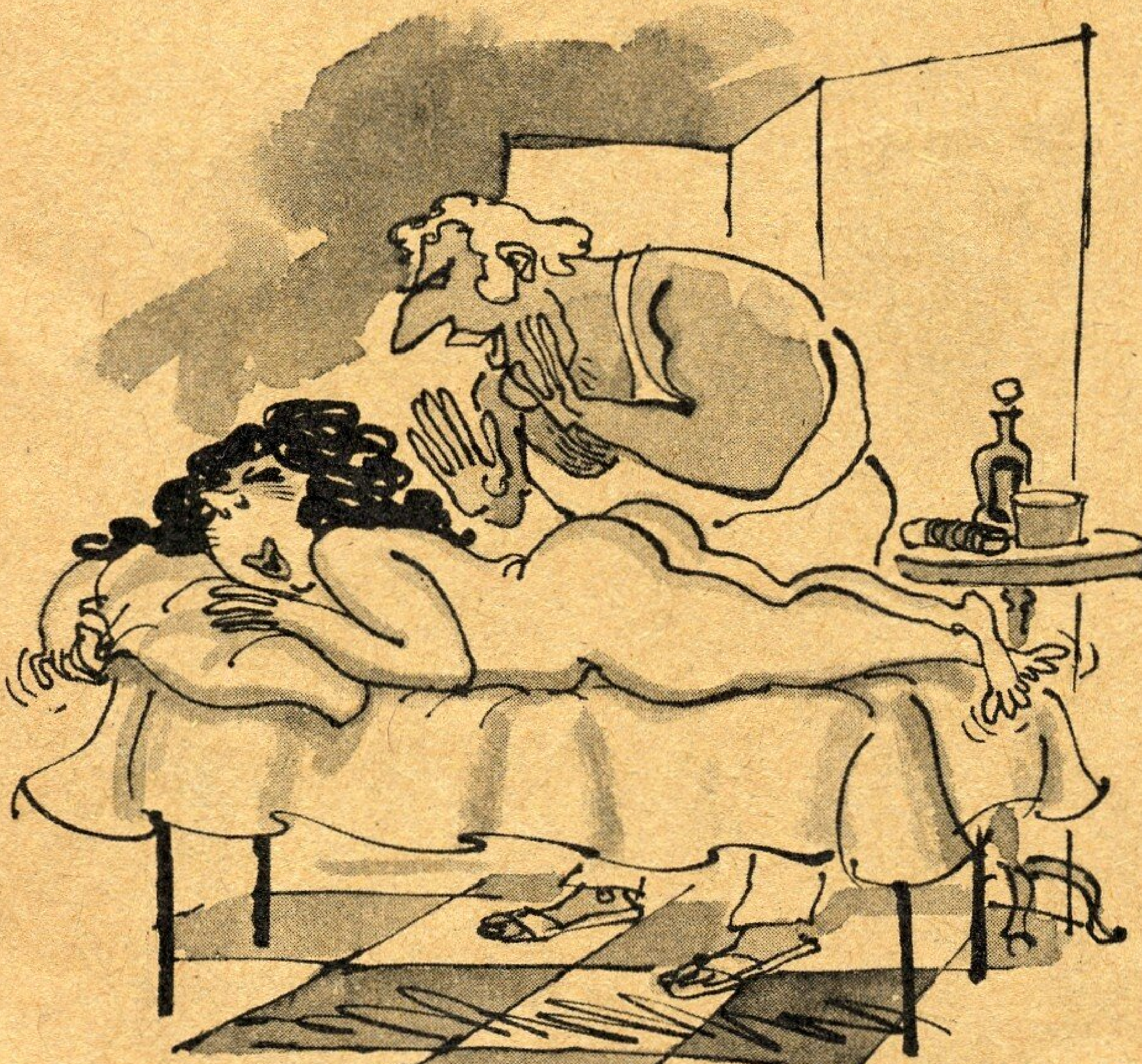
'Come on now, Mrs Fullerton – your body's still touching the ground.'


Vitala Hydro Hotel

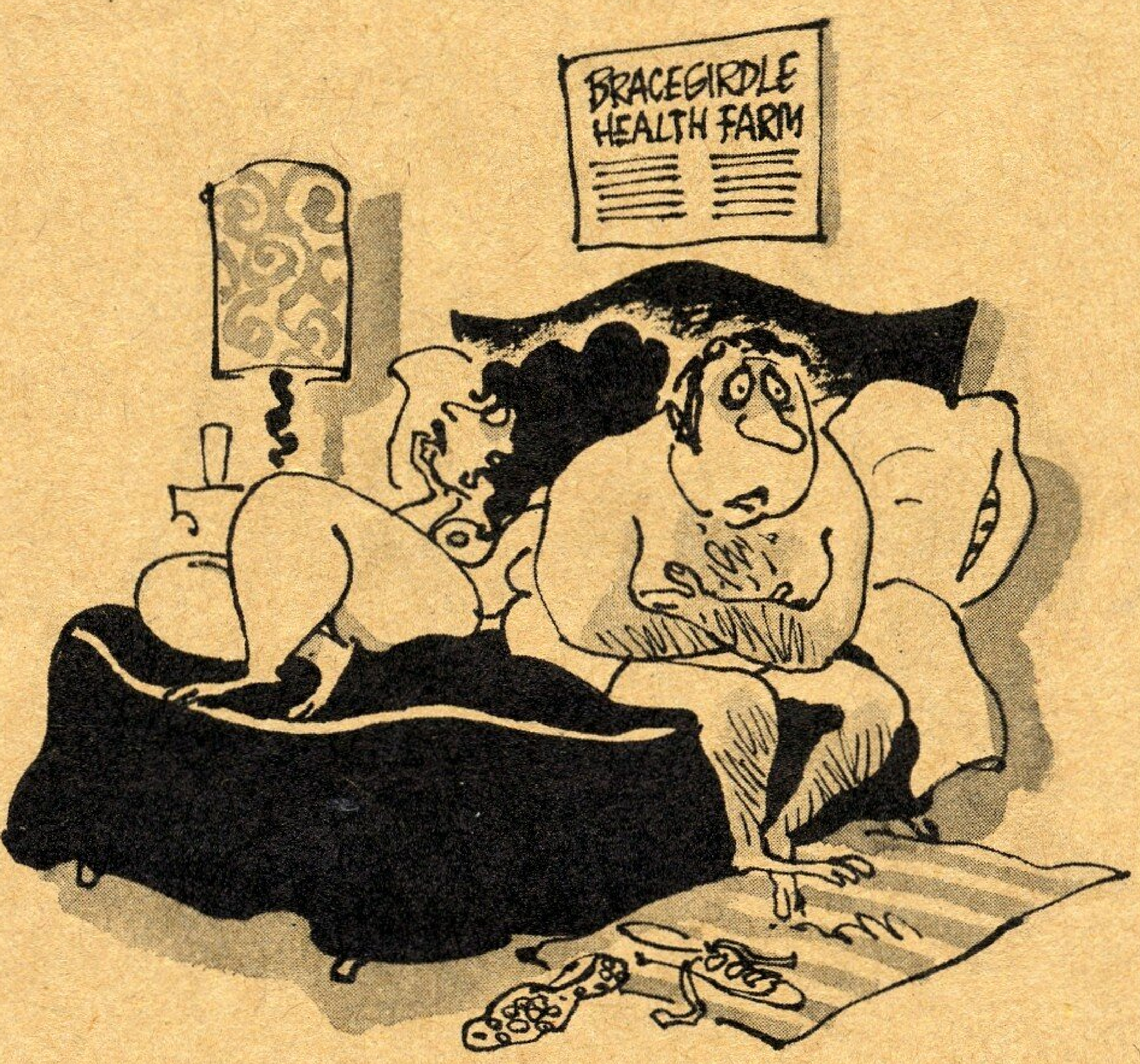
'Sorry, Mrs Kellerman – I thought I heard Major Foskett chewing . . .'


PATENT STEAM REDUCER
GROUP MODEL

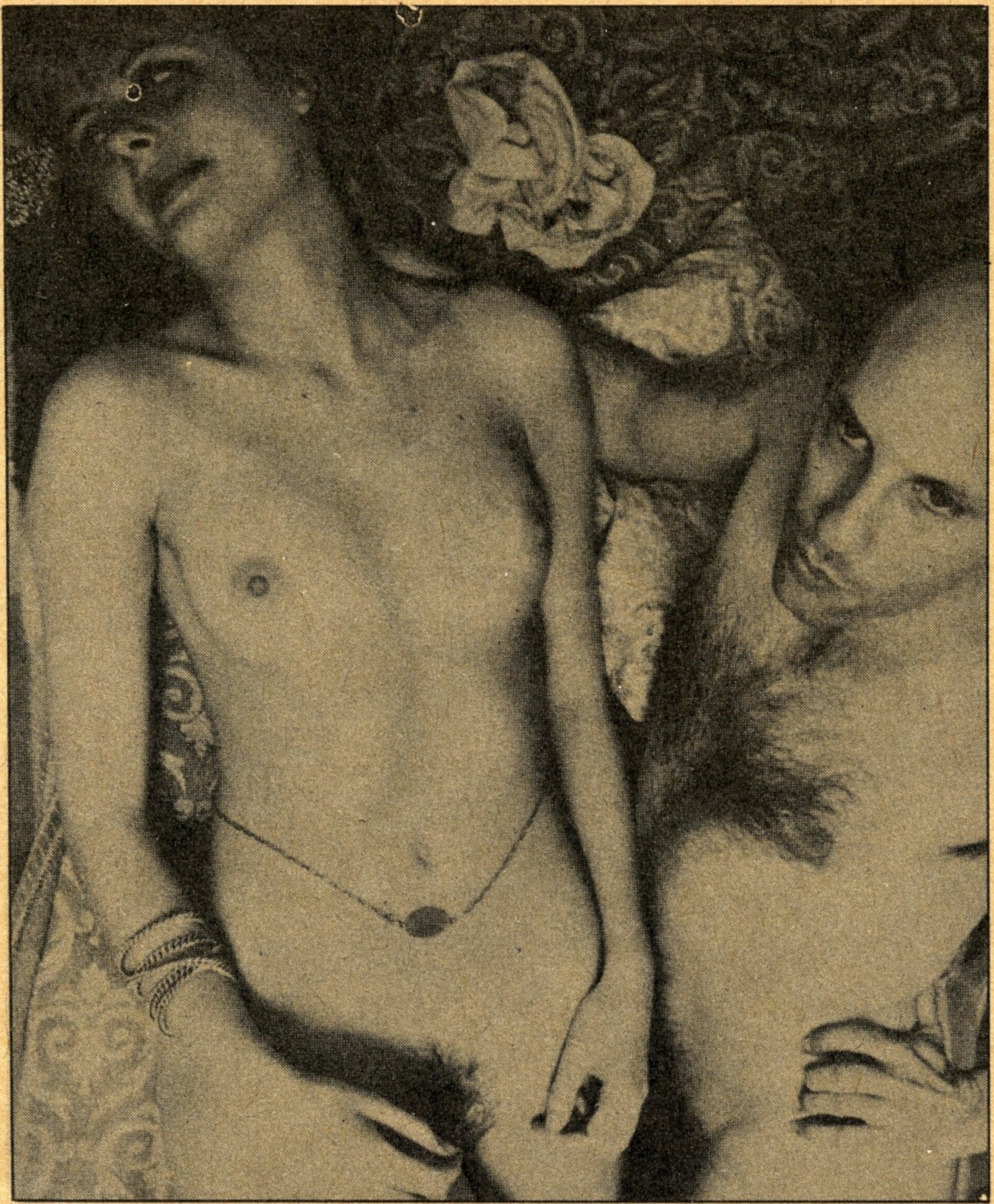
'As a cost-cutter, it's a winner – they provide their own steam.'



'To finish you off, Mrs Hardacre, a quick dip before your lettuce.'


BRACEGIRDLE HEALTH FARM

'Sorry, Muriel, but crumpet takes on an entirely different connotation after a week of lemon juice and radishes.'



Censored: Susanne Krage and bedmate in 'Quiet Days in Clichy'

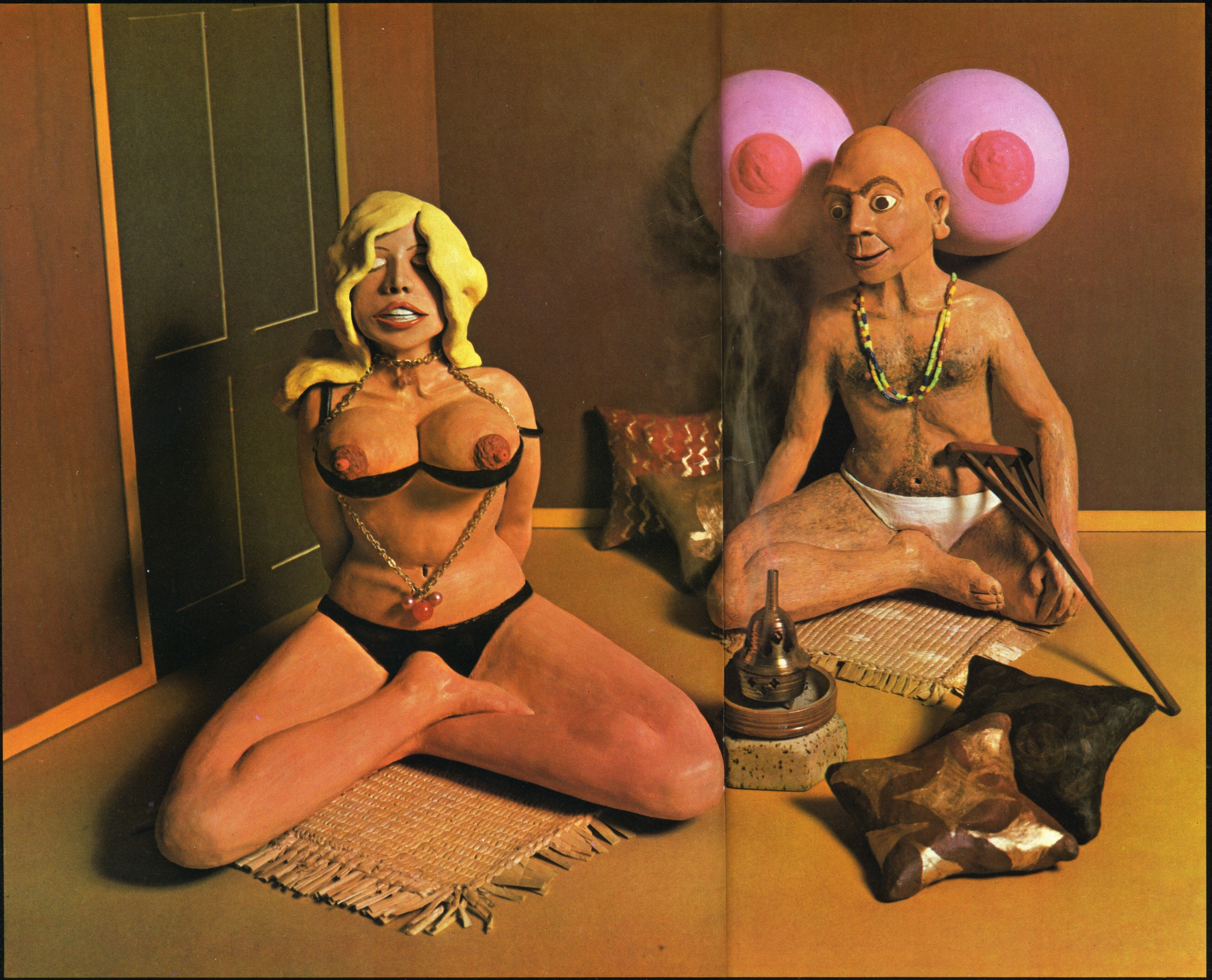
IVONA

As the first sun of summer brought girls in their thousands to worship at the shrines of the gods of sand, sea and sky, we scoured the beaches for our sun-maiden. The girl whose very form mirrors the warmth of the soft sea breeze and whose eyes reflect the deepest blue of water

and sky. Our search was a long one. But we found Ivona. An ice-queen from the land of the midnight sun, she had flown far from her home in Iceland to the quiet beach in Portugal where we caught our first glimpse of her. Would she mind, we asked, if we shared her stretch of beach. She laughed easily and invited us to stay. Later, by the pool of the hotel where she is working for the summer, she explained her love of the sun. Living in the far North, half of every one of her 19 years had been spent in the semi-dark of the Arctic winter.

Now she had come South to soak up the sun she had so rarely seen. Gently she anointed her 37–25–36 form with oil, and lay back to catch the last rays of the sun for another summer day

MODEL MADE AND PHOTOGRAPHED BY JON MILTON



Gorgeous Clarissa with her two orb-like deities blessed guru Harry with the ultimate revelation

FULL CIRCLES

Fiction by David Cann

I rolled over to the cool part of the bed. It was just light outside. What on earth was I doing awake at this time of the morning? Even with my eyes shut I could see it was light. My ears were insulted by the contented snorting from the blanket-cuddled hump at my side. That really made me annoyed. If she could sleep why the hell couldn't I? And becoming annoyed made me wake up even more. Of course, I had tired her out. Poor girl! I was so virile and demanding. I hung my head over the edge of the bed. Why does the packet say three teat? That always annoys me as well. Surely it should be three teats.

I caught sight of my reflection in the shaving mirror under the bed, and tried out my reflective stud expression. With all the loose skin on my face drawn upwards as I hung upside down, I thought I bore a passing resemblance to Tony Perkins. That's bloody useful. Only yesterday she made a disparaging comment about Tony Perkins . . . 'one of those old-fashioned little boy faces,' she had said, 'not ruggedly ugly like . . . like . . .' (well, never mind, he might object).

So here was I, looking in the mirror, thinking how I might be the next generation of face, the 'ugly little boy' look. The face of the eighties. But that sounded like some horror movie: 'The face of 1984'. And suddenly I felt sick from hanging my head upside down, and had to pull myself back into the bed.

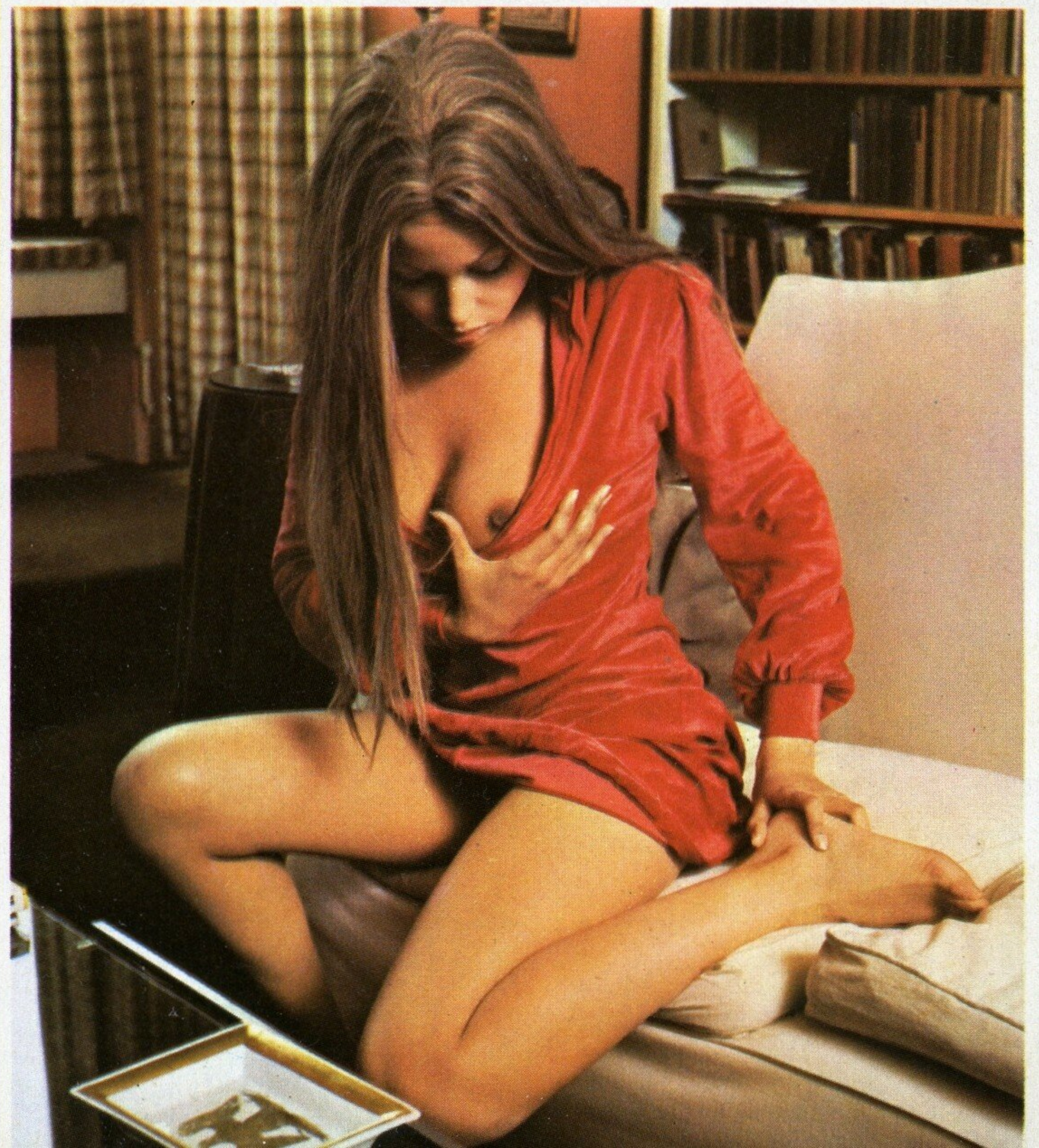
There was that damn packet on the floor again. Should it be three tits? Now that would be interesting. Or would it? Where would you put your face? Probably get your eye poked out on the odd nipple. Three teat . . . three teat . . . 'Three for teat, and teat for three,' I began humming. But she started making mumbling noises in her sleep and moving about. 'Shut up, Lawrence, you fool. You haven't got the energy now.' She's always so randy first thing. She became still.

I thought of the first time I met Clarissa. I've gone over it again and again, trying to analyse where I went wrong. On paper it seems such a simple shopping expedition. Twenty No. 6 for Slattern Harry, and a

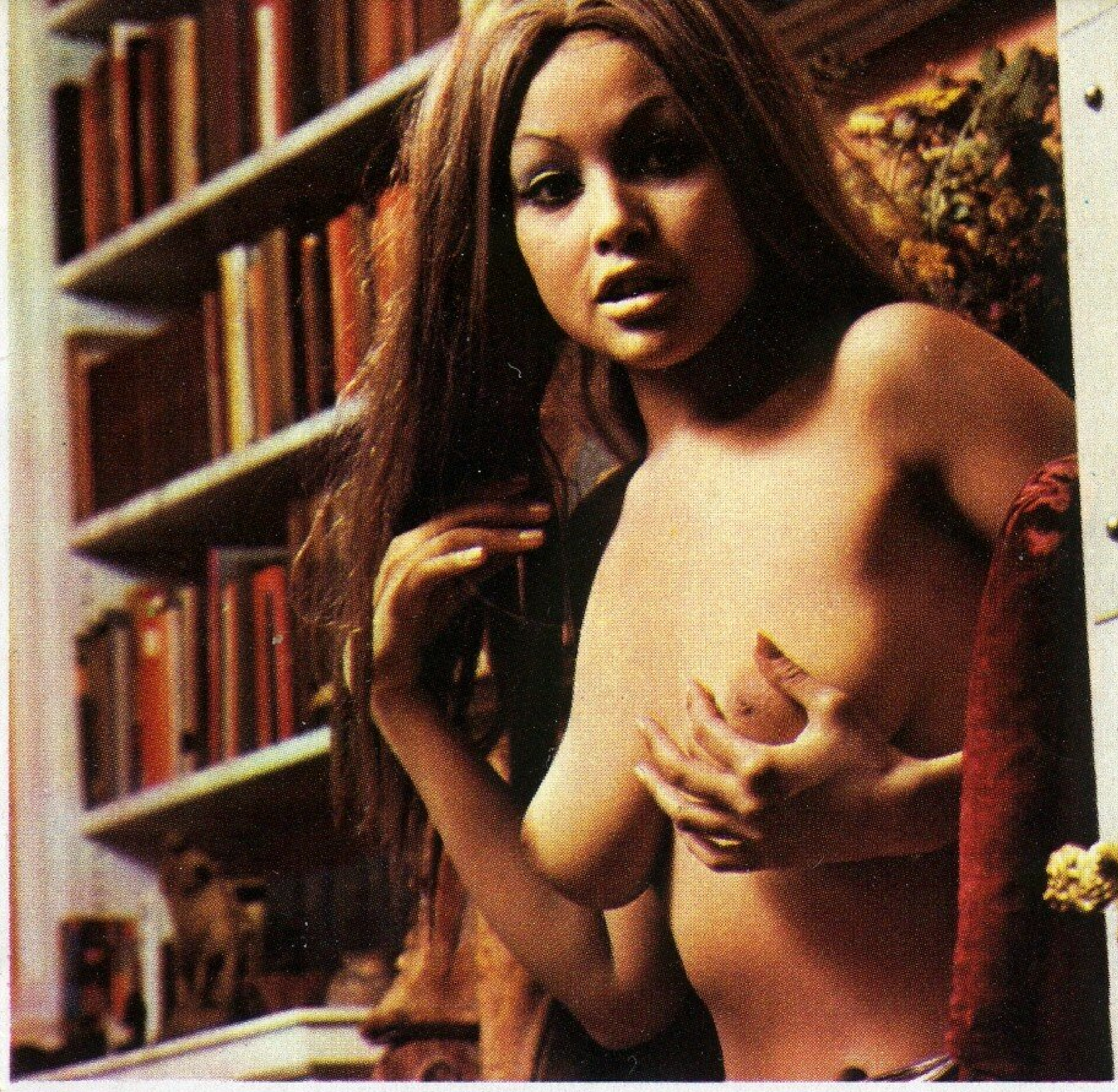
KATHRYN

that bare blonde in the Sunday Times magazine

Her name is Kathryn Maynard and countless readers of the *Sunday Times* had their Sunday morning lie-in pleasantly disturbed by her beautiful moon-like bottom. She was the girl draped across the desk of *Mayfair's* editor, in the colour photograph which illustrated a recent article on men's magazines in the *Sunday Times* magazine. Even in these enlightened times, bare blondes in red boots are rare in colour supplements. Thus Monday morning brought jammed phonelines as intrigued readers sought re-assurance that they would see more of Kathryn in *Mayfair.* They had no need to worry. We had anticipated their wishes and, indeed, had picked Kathryn for our *Sunday Times* exposure because we were so pleased with the session she had already done for us. We saw Kathryn as a hot cookie long before her bottom warmed the red leather of the Editor's desk.



PHOTOGRAPHED BY EUGENE FINKEI
CLOTHES FROM FORBIDDEN FRUIT BOUTIQUE



Who then is Kathryn? She is the slinkiest sexiest girl we know. She has that rare catlike faculty of sliding down a street, her movements both sinuous and sensuous. Her voice is warm and caressing and when she touches, you wonder how you ever found any other girl sexy at all. Kathryn has the qualities that made women like Emma Hamilton and Nell Gwynne immortal: an aura that makes a man follow her for life simply because he can find no other girl to compare. She is 19 and her figure is an undulating 35–24–36. Sometimes she laughs. The merriment is there, but something more; in the parted lips the most welcome of the obscene fantasies that occupy the minds of men. She touches her bottom and suddenly the woman is gone and instead is a small cuddlesome child exploring in self absorption the strange contours that combine to make the body of a girl.

What does she think about, this beautiful she-creature ? 'Sometimes about men,' she laughs 'and how all that I am is meaningless without them. And sometimes about clothes, red boots and silver dresses that cling and sway.' What do you love, Kathryn ? we ask. 'Cats and dolls-houses and liquorice comfits. Especially the red ones,' she replies. And who will you marry ? 'A rich millionaire with three yachts in the harbour at Monte Carlo. Or perhaps that mad racing driver whose name you know. I might marry them both. But if you mean, who will I make love to, that's different. I might make love to the man I meet at next Friday's party. I might. Or I might not make love at all. I might hiss and make him think I'm an absolute bitch. But most likely of all, I'll curl up on my bed in Bayswater and read Jane Eyre. I'm a hopeless romantic at heart.'

MAYFAIR'S GIRL OF THE MONTH
KATHRYN MAYNARD

Getting your picknickers in a twist

On randy rustic rambles, ants in her pants often achieve more than sweet nothings in her ear, says Edward Knox

Illustrated by Ronald Cobb

Let nature come to your aid. That's my advice for all you randy young readers taking your dollies out for picnics. Because, believe me, the little country creatures will get places quicker than you. One off-course bee humming merrily around a hemline will cause virgin knees to part. And as for a ferret . . . A ferret? you ask. And what does Knox know of ferrets?

Plenty, I answer, for I am a ferret stuffer.

Let me explain.

Ferret stuffing is the art of placing a couple of ferrets in your breeches and then keeping a straight face while they fight it out or nibble it off, or something. I kid you not. It was on *Braden's Week* only the other day. So it being the time of year when country thatch glistens in the sun and tits nestle in the hedgerow, I headed west to where a ferret stuffing contest might be found. On my way to the event I chanced to spy a hapless pair of great tits trapped in the thorns of a blackberry hedge. Being a renowned nature lover I grappled valiantly to disentangle them. What should suddenly pop up as I squeezed and smoothed, but a large ripe berry atop each glossy mound.

The mere thought of what might lay behind the hedge, or indeed what might be behind that I might lay, produced a plausible facsimile of a brace of active ferrets in my own strides.

'Stop,' came a voice, 'you're hurting.'

I was not surprised. On the other end of the large white breasts was a girl. It works every time.

I apologised. 'I appear to be trying to pluck the wrong berries.' She was tousled blonde and wearing a deliciously ruined red blouse. 'First my blouse is torn by the thorns and then you come,' she wailed. 'Oh,' she said, looking down. 'Are you in the ferreting contest?'

'I am if you let me,' I said. My trousers had given me away. But suddenly the thought of watching full grown men hurtling around with grim faces and gyrating trousers in some public bar no longer appealed.

It reminded me of the day virginal Sarah on a rustic picnic nearly consented to allow me a country grope. In fact, she was just about to when it happened.

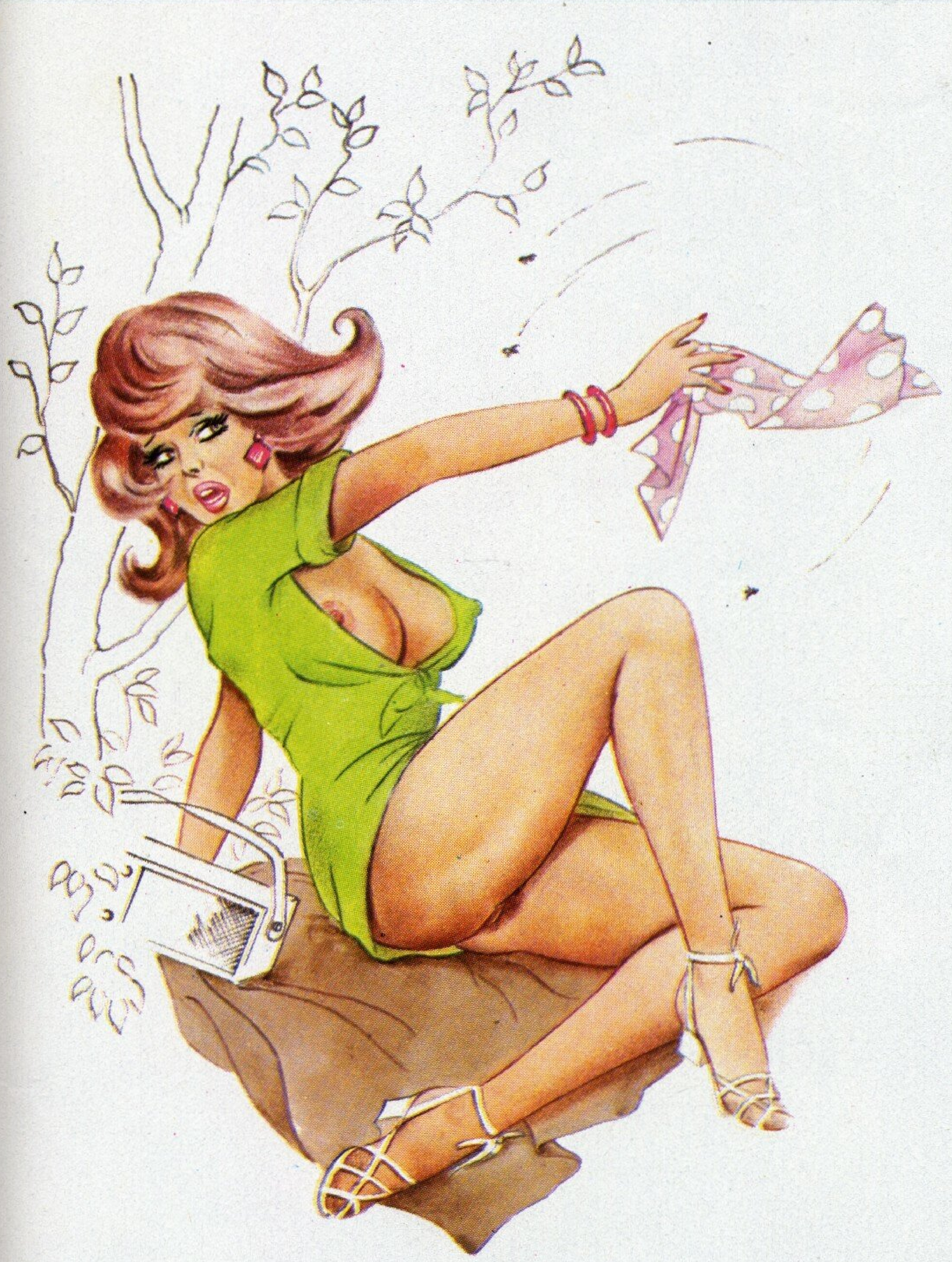
'Edward,' she trilled as we clambered from my tandem into the nearby undergrowth, 'I suddenly feel so wanton. You're such a powerful pedaller.'

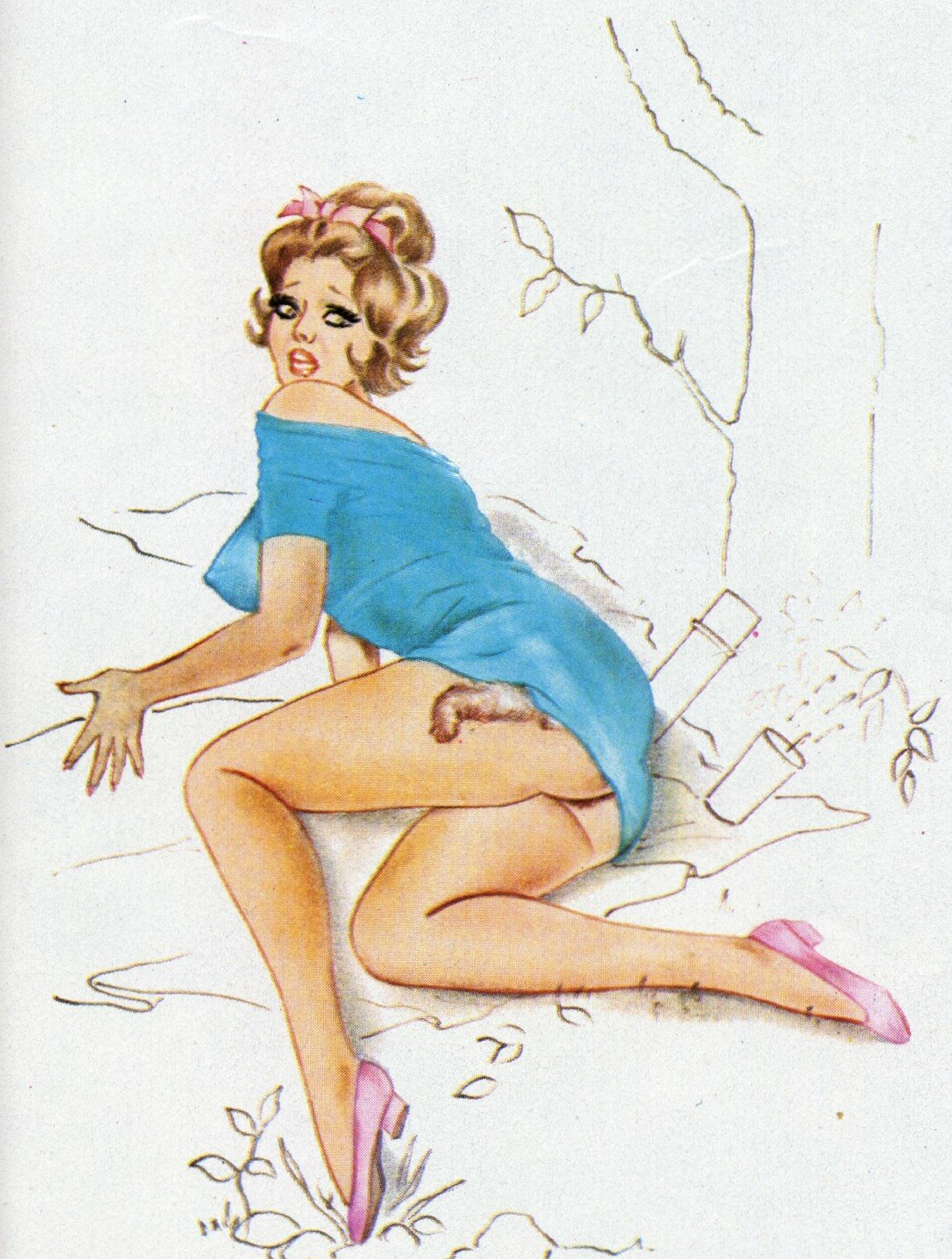
I was that all right, and I'd spent weeks moulding the rear saddle to its present shape. My efforts were about to be rewarded.

Suddenly she began to wriggle. 'Edward, I've got a funny feeling.' I clasped her waist. 'Do not worry, my love,' I cried, 'I feel it too. It's nature communing.'

'Arrggh,' she spluttered, jumping to her feet and knocking me backwards into the picnic hamper, 'I've got ants in my pants.'

'Don't panic,' I warned, climbing out of the cheese flan and





removing a ham sandwich from my ear, 'I'll fight them off.' There were ants all over the place, dizzy with excitement. Ripping off my jacket I held the menace at bay.

'Oh Edward, you never told me you were a bull fighter.'

But some of the blighters had gained a grip in hidden parts. With a shriek she stripped the tight blue shorts from her thighs. I could see what the ants were getting at. I tried to get at it myself.

'Is that all you think about, Edward,' she wailed.

'Yes,' I said for want of a better reply. I'm ashamed to say she held me at bay with the meringue until we got home.'

The picnic with Nathalie was even worse. It must run in the Knox family. Our picnics nearly always end in a bit of a disaster, rarely in a bit of the other.

Nathalie had fine curling auburn hair and all that lay between me and the auburn curling hair that I was interested in was the hem of her green mini-dress. I was sure there was nothing else.

She was ripe too.

Her shy: 'Oh Edward, how beastly you look in those plus fours,' could mean only one thing.

'You mean I bring out the beast in you?' I cried with fervour.

She turned to her portable radio. 'You're impossible, Edward Knox,' she said.

'No I'm not,' I protested, 'I'm the easiest lay around.'

She was fiddling with the radio and smiling.

'If you want to make music,' I tried, desperately, 'you're twiddling the wrong knob.'

'Oh?' Her eyebrows arched impishly, 'and where do you think I might find the right one?'

My plus fours plummeted from my palsied fingers. I stood erect and pointing in my underpants – actions, I say, speak louder than words.

Nathalie screamed and cowered. Dash it all it's a proud sight but nothing to act like that about.

'Edward, wasps,' she yelled waving a minute hankie at something buzzing round her. My plus fours came up faster than the Empire State Building lifts on speed trials.

'Duck,' I shouted. Her foot caught in the clump of grass behind her and down she went, beautifully. She lay helpless on her back, thighs tensed outwards and pubes auburn to the roots.

'Edward,' she screamed, 'do something.'

'I will when these bloody wasps move on,' I said. There was only one thing for it. Luckily we Knoxes come well prepared on our picnics. I went to work with the soda syphon, taking them between the eyes. But did Nathalie leap upon me with abandon proclaiming me her rescuer? She did not. I leapt upon her proclaiming her mine.

But the wasps had cooled her ardour and so had the syphon. Soda bubbles winked from her curls as she stalked off leaving my stalk on.

But what this ferret stuffing business really reminded me of was the balmy summer day Imogen agreed to a little picnicking in the woods. She was a strapping brunette with a body that stood proud and free, and lying down was freer. Our first energies were sapped by the sun and heavy food, and we dozed off thinking of delights to come.

I was awoken with a nudge. 'Edward,' she screeched in my ear, 'I think a squirrel's just run up my leg.'

I presumed she was dreaming. 'Take no heed,' I replied, humouring her. 'He's probably looking for nuts.'

'Then he's up the wrong set of legs isn't he, Edward?' She was a very forthright dolly.

'Oh, it's all furry and fluffy,' she giggled. Still humouring her I raised the hem of her turquoise mini-dress and a furrier, fluffier little animal I have yet to fondle. No squirrel there. My hand insinuated itself in the warm dampness.

'What are you doing, Edward?'

'Just ferreting around,' I said without thinking.

'Is it a ferret?' she screamed, leaping to her feet. 'I thought it was a squirrel.'

It was a squirrel and travelling at high speed, nutless, back to his tree. It shook me for a moment. I thought I had just witnessed the world's first test firing of a new range of intercontinental ballistic snatch wigs.

But my dolly blackberry-picker was different. I never did get to stuff ferrets. Her warm hands were ferret enough for me.

How do I love thee? Let me count the ways

Richard Deutch gives the first consumer guide to sex shops with the help of a girl Friday, and Saturday, and Sunday

Ever since Ann Summers opened its glittering doors to hordes of gaga-eyed shoppers at Marble Arch, sex shops in England have become, well, legit. Some of them even sell toothpaste. Articles have been written about them, and ladies interviewed in *Mayfair* have even admitted – anonymously to be sure – to having an occasional turn with a vibrator. What amazes me, however, in so deliciously randy a country as England, is that so far no gentleman has done the same; that a nation so justly renowned for its journalism has been content to scribe mere cursory accounts of visits to sex shops and not one word about the relative merits of the products themselves.

And so it was I decided, in the true spirit of American Go-Aheadism, and feeling somewhat like a horny Ralph Nader, to screw my courage, so to speak, to the sticking place, and try a few of the products. I ended up trying all of them. I pass on my reactions, and those of an honest lady who chooses to remain anonymous, both to the shops and to the products. Each gimmick is rated accordingly. And the ominous silence surrounding the tickler is ended for good.

As I write, there are no more than half a dozen sex shops operating in London. By the time you read this the number will have varied somewhat, as sex shops open and close with amazing rapidity. Here are the ones I've visited.

THE PELLEN CENTRE. West Green Road, Tottenham. Paul and Eileen Rimmer are, contrary to the claim of Ann Summers, the real pioneers of sex products in England. They lean heavily on the 'medical' side of sex gimmicks to keep out of trouble with the law and their retail shop reflects this determination to introduce the rubber woman into the parlour. Tastefully draped window display, tasteful interior with wood panelling and curtained booths 'for private consultation' – somehow, even the dildos manage to look tasteful. The Pellen Centre is the oldest and most reliable supplier of sex products in England, and it is the only one to guarantee a refund on any item which proves, for whatever reason, unsatisfactory. A genuine physician is on call (Tuesdays and Wednesdays 12–1, first visit free) and prices on most items are lower than anywhere else. Definitely the place to go

ANN SUMMERS. Edgware Road, Marble Arch. Here it is, under new management, the shop that had 'em lined up halfway along the Edgware Road, and all started by the Li'l Gal With Determination who came on like a cross between Doris Day and Kinsey. Going there now is like browsing on Carnaby Street: you've arrived at the party one year late.

Despite this, Ann Summers is a good place to buy. The shop is well-stocked with quality items, including one which I, for obvious reasons, have not tried, a string of weighted vibrating plastic balls for insertion in the vagina. And the whole Clean, Healthy Attitude Toward Sex *schtick* that Ann Summers calculated so cunningly is still there: coy wooden cutouts of red and green apples all over the place, clean, healthy salesgirls who look like they might be moonlighting as swimming instructors. If they ever open a sex shop in Disneyland, it will look like this. Worth a visit.

Just before the operation changed hands, Ann Summers was being managed by Peter Isherwood, a soft-spoken and obviously capable young man who is a nephew of the more famous Christopher. He showed me a letter from a lady in Lincolnshire who was returning her set of plastic balls, obviously unused, because they were 'too noisy'.

LOVE-IN. King's Road, Chelsea. Originally run by two very attractive young ladies who obviously shared Ann Summers' Joan Crawford complex, Love-In is the most visually inspiring sex shop in town. Usual stock at the usual prices, a waterbed you can try out, and some genuinely lovely erotic sheets. By all means go there on a Saturday afternoon.

LOVECRAFT. Tottenham Court Road, near the tube station. After the clinical atmosphere of the Pellen Centre, the coy wooden apples of Ann Summers and the elegance of Love-In, Lovecraft is refreshingly sleazy. This, after all, is what you've always known a sex shop *should* be. The salesgirls wear gangrenous blue and green eyeshadow (try getting one to look you square in the eye). Most people mull around shiftily or talk or laugh too loud and look as if they're scared to death the place is going to get busted. And above all, except for the occasional sport who sprang for a tickler, I saw nobody buy anything. One reason for this may be that Lovecraft's prices are among the highest in town. The hot dogs, ice cream and little Beefeater dolls in the shop next door are pretty fascinating, too.

SANDRA EAST 'X' BOUTIQUE. Part of a chain in Mayfair, Soho, etc. The Mayfair branch is a must for a visit, especially if you're wearing a double-breasted pinstripe suit with padded shoulders and cleaning your fingernails ferociously with a penknife and sneering under your wide-brimmed hat and generally looking as much like Belmondo as possible, as the owner of this unique chain of stores – who declines to be named – was doing all the while I was speaking with him. The stock includes the usual items at quite reasonable prices (as with food stores, sex gimmicks cost less in Mayfair than they would in, say, Brixton) but the house specialty is Sado-Maso gear at prices aimed at the very rich or very desperate. Leather boots, panties and bras; handcuffs, bondage devices menacingly studded with brass; a trendy-looking whip; all on display behind blacked-out windows, some of it on demi-torsos of female mannikins. Definitely a supply depot for the Spanish Inquisition.

So this is love.

HARMONY TIME. Opening up another branch, but currently at 46 Cranbourn Street. Has succeeded in thoroughly annoying Paul Rimmer of the Pellen Centre, because Pellen's catalogue and many of its products are labelled simply 'Harmony'. Harmony Time has the identical catalogue as Lovecraft, and the same astronomical prices; it has, however, no character of its own. Not recommended.

The Products

The articles available in the shops are virtually identical; prices vary according to the area in which the shop is located. Goods are imported mainly from Germany, with a few items from Sweden (good quality) and Holland (cheap rubber). Vibrators are made in Japan. The only sex product currently being manufactured in Great Britain is a penis developer, a fact whose implications some may find alarming.

The ratings are:
**** Excellent: try it
*** Good: recommended
** Fair: depends on mood or kink
* Ripoff

Ticklers

Ticklers come in a most imaginative range of sizes and shapes – including some exotically called Hot Dog, Alligator, Pinky, Desperado and Draccula (*sic*) – but basically they're of two types: those which extend the length of the penis and those which enlarge its width. Some do both. So it's really a matter of taste, though personally I believe simple extension sheaths to be useless in most cases. They're available in packets of three or four (remember those variety packs of little cereal boxes you used to get when you were a kid?) so you can obtain a selection and try them out until you find the one you prefer.

One final suggestion: if she's a giggler, turn the light out before donning your tickler. When worn, they look exactly like little party hats.

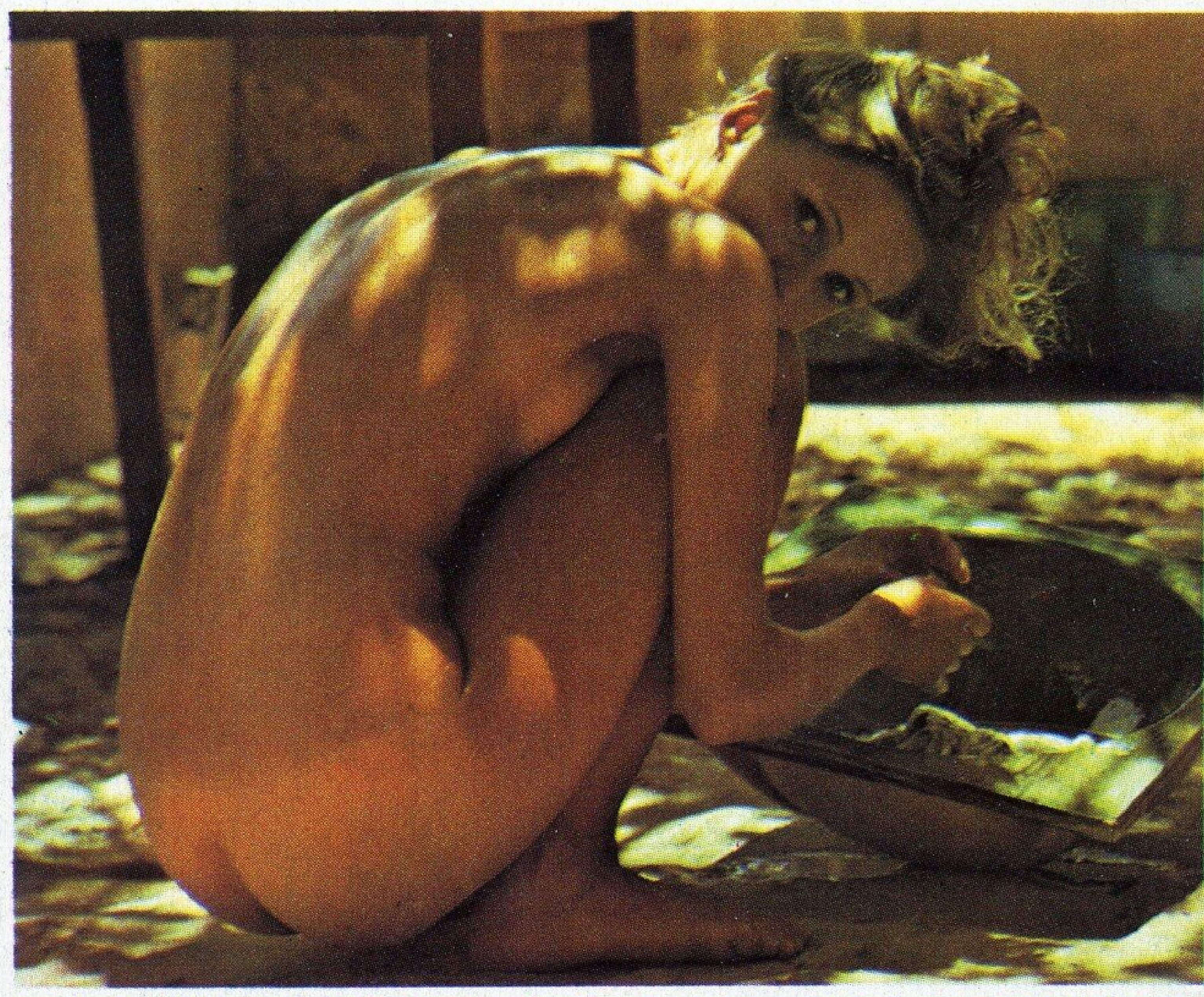
**** WONDER CROWN. King of the ticklers, it's a sheath which enhances vaginal stimulation considerably. Be sure to get the right size (measure the base of the erect penis to the nearest centimetre) or her ecstasy will become your agony. Between £1·10 and £1·50.

*** CORONAL EXTENSION and STIMULATOR STAR. Both quite effective, the Coronal Extension consists of a sheath with two protruding nodules for vaginal stimulation; worn near the crown of the penis. Stimulator Star is designed somewhat like the Wonder Crown, but the effect it produces isn't as intense. Around £1 each.

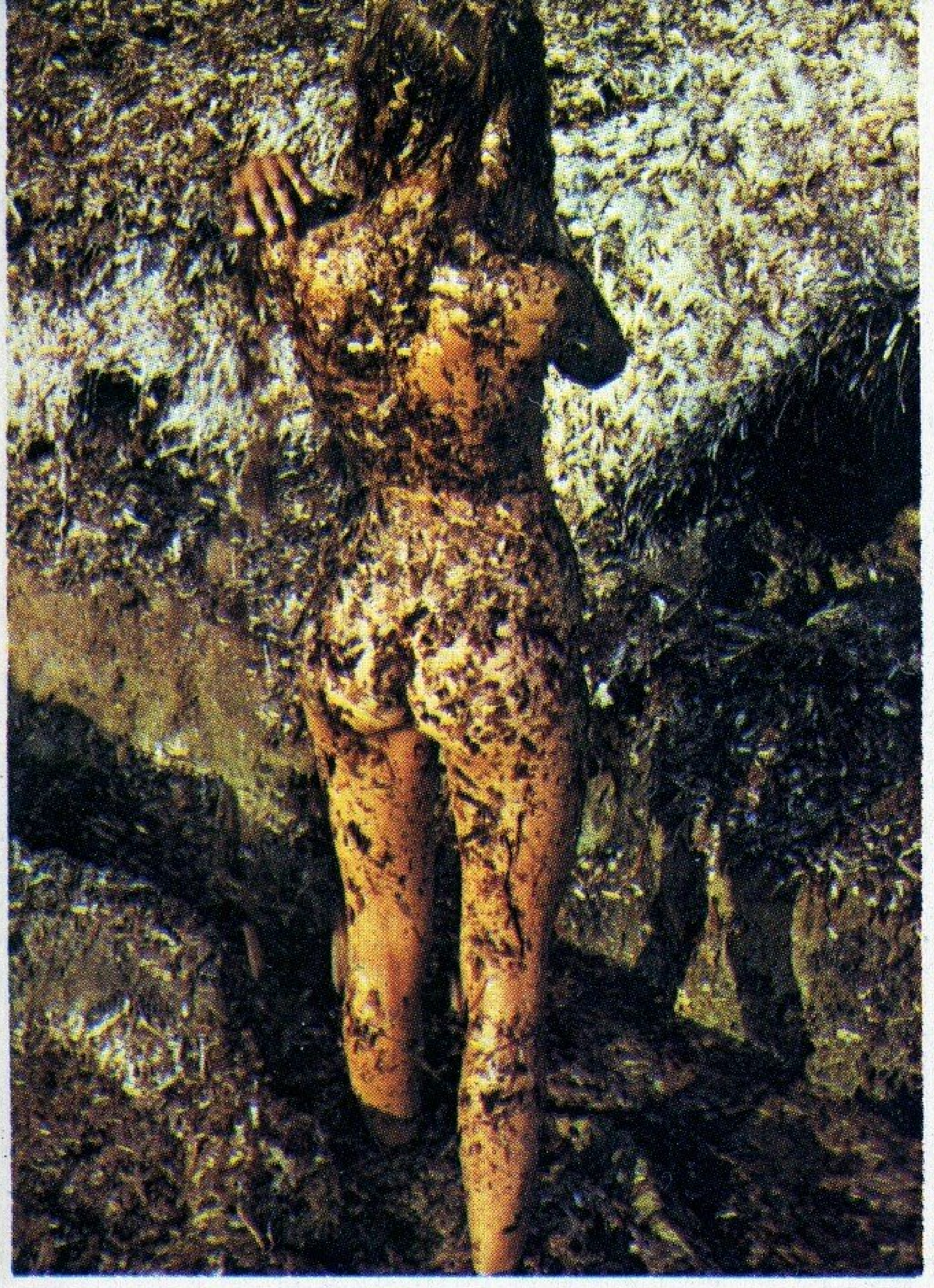
** PENIS EXTENSION SHEATH. I had never believed – had read, yes, and been told, yes, but the argument still rages – that the length of the penis has no relation to a woman's enjoyment of lovemaking. You're not going to believe me now. But you can find out for yourself, for about £1.

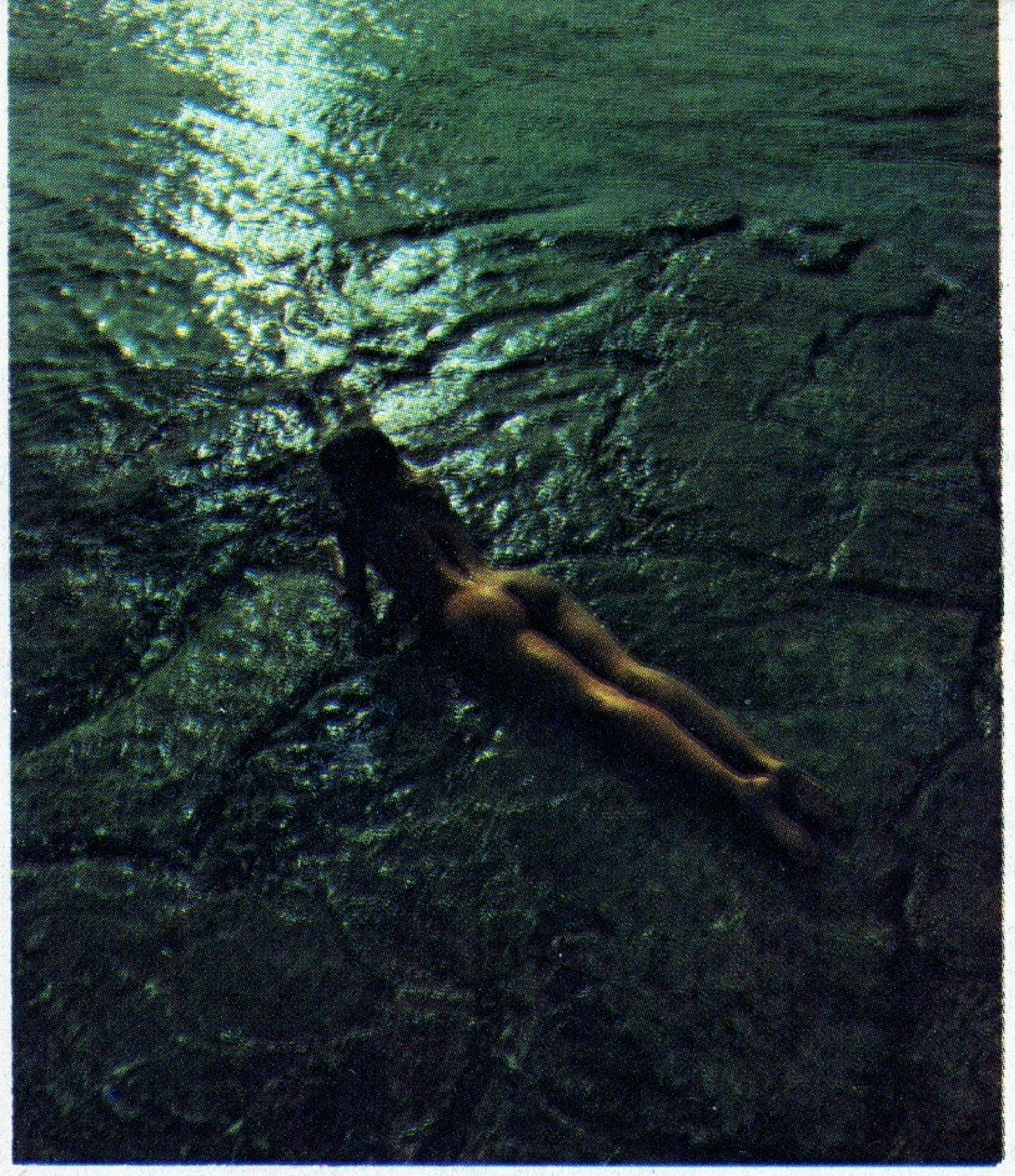
In the opinion of Paul Rimmer, one of London's most successful dealers in sex gimmicks the effect of the addition of 1″ in length to the average-sized penis is purely psychological. Reader, take

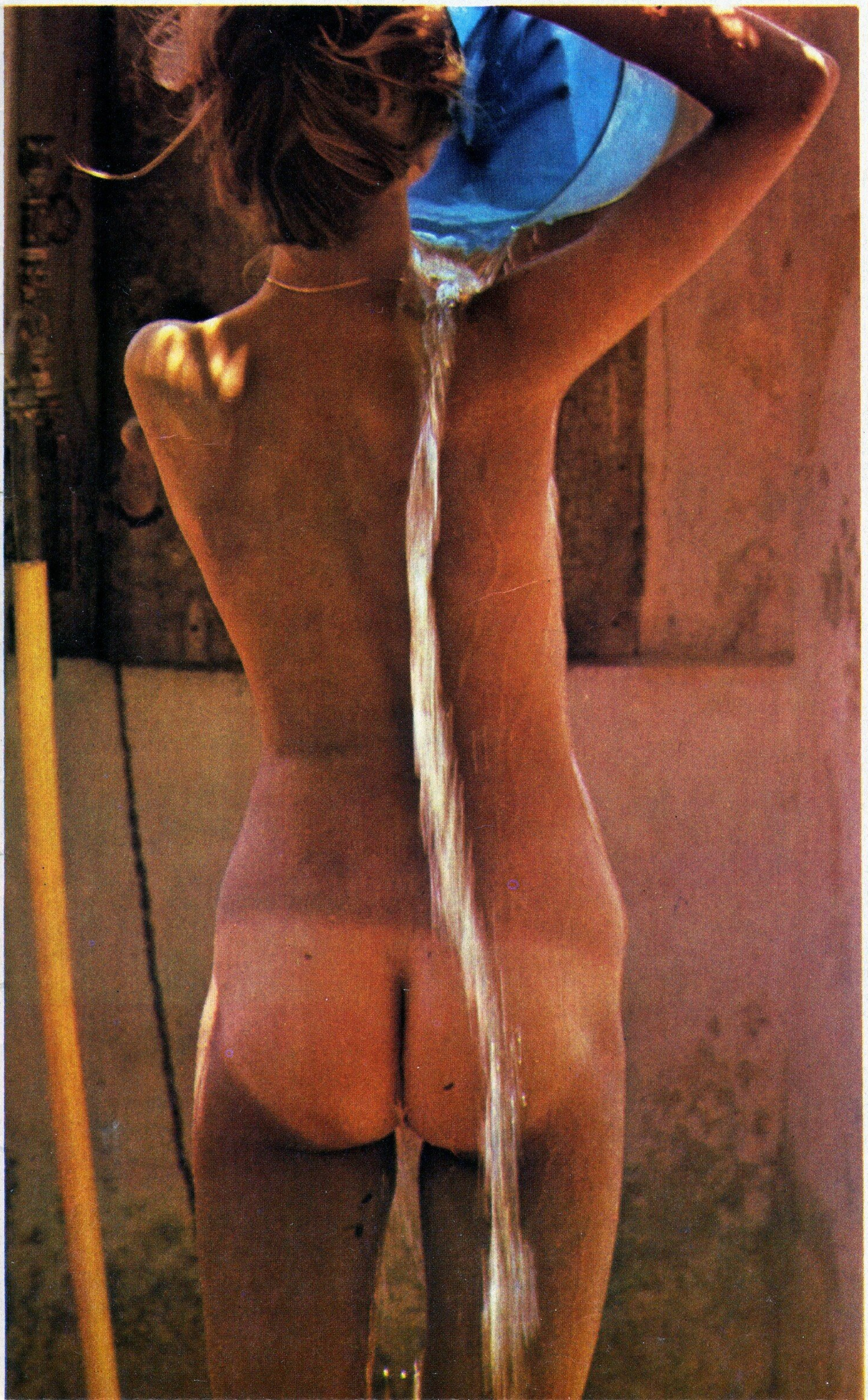
Terri



We found her in a foreign country. Terri Draycott, 19, of Norwich. Carefully picking her way down among the rocks, blonde hair astream in the sea breeze. Far from the brick-strewn streets of Bermondsey where she worked until three months ago with a local community organisation. Now she's staying in a borrowed cottage in Ibiza, sometimes painting and occasionally writing. But she has a thing about seaweed and the great primeval power of the sea. An old fisherman told her that to roll in seaweed made skin flawless. To see him with glasses on a nearby rock threw doubts on his motives but not on the 36 in. perfection of Terri's peerless bottom.







Sophie. In colour. On film. For you.

Alone in a train compartment, air hostess Sophie spills her duty-free drink over her uniform and decides to change. And that's when you come in. We think it's a powerful thought - and we have just made a powerful film to prove it. Sophie, the girl you raved about. In 100 feet of colour film, she shows how well equipped she is to cope up in the air or anywhere else. She takes off that crisp, tight uniform and . . . It's a bargain. For sure. Sophie looks really fabulous on film.

Above and at right: Sophie as she first appeared in Mayfair. Far right, air hostess Sophie as she appears in our full-colour film.

Each Mayfair colour film – and there are four now – costs £5·50. Each is approximately 100 feet long and gives you an unrivalled chance to see our girls in living, moving colour. (All prices, incidentally, include postage and packing.) Technically speaking, the films are all 8mm. Today there are two types of 8mm film – Super 8 and Standard 8. Please check which one will suit your projector before ordering as the films are not interchangeable, unfortunately. If you are buying a new projector, remember Super 8 gives the larger image. If you don't own a projector we've arranged for Arrowtabs Hand Movie projectors to be available to our readers. They're made of styrene with nylon bearings and are worked by turning a crank handle. They have their own light source and any frame can be frozen for closer inspection. THE VIEWER (PICTURED LEFT) TAKES STANDARD 8 FILM ONLY. PRICE £2·40.

Sophie's our newest arrival. Below are the other films:

If you like blondes you'll love our Caroline. Caroline Dell. The first ever Mayfair dolly to be filmed specially for our readers who'd been clamouring for more since her first appearance in our pages. Watch this micro-skirted swinger dance specially for you – and just watch what happens to her clothes.

If you like 'em black and you like 'em big – then Sylvia is the one for you. The name implies something almost genteel. Don't believe it. Sylvia is all woman – and a lot more as well. Watch those gigantic, passion-tipped breasts move and sway as she struggles out of the clothes that hamper her.

Victoria Jane. There's a ring to that name that somehow manages to capture the full English roundness of our Mayfair film girl number three. Watch what happens to Jane's full, lush form when she washes the mud from her dog after a walk. As you can imagine, the soap suds get everywhere. That's right – everywhere.

To MAYFAIR FILM SOCIETY, 95A CHANCERY LANE, WC2

Please send me Victoria Jane/Caroline Dell/Sylvia Bayo/hostess Sophie film(s) (delete whichever does not apply). I would like Standard 8mm/Super 8mm (delete whichever does not apply). I enclose cheque/postal order for..

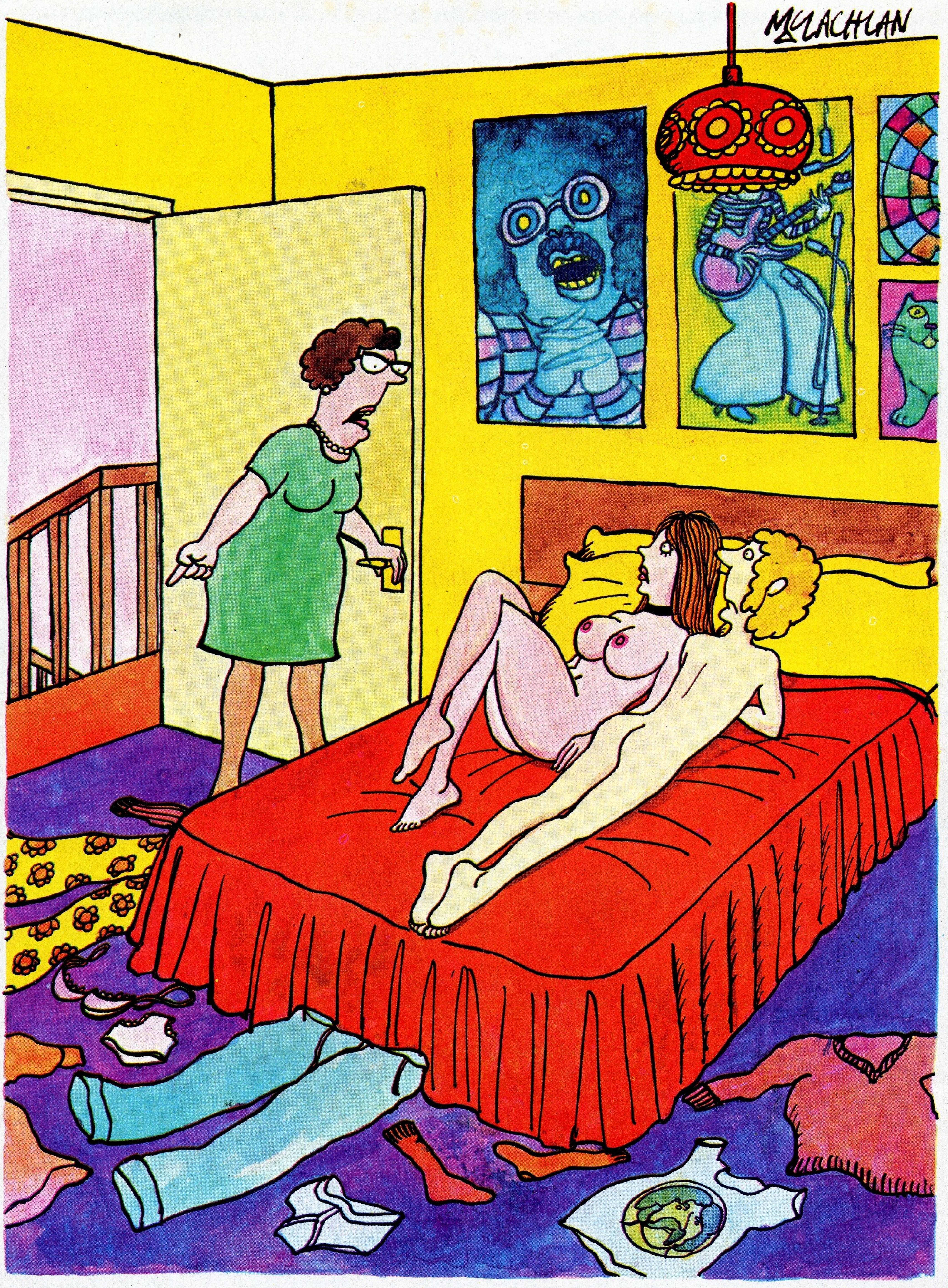
Please send me..................Arrow Hand Movie Viewer(s). I enclose cheque/postal order for..................................

Name..(I am over 18)

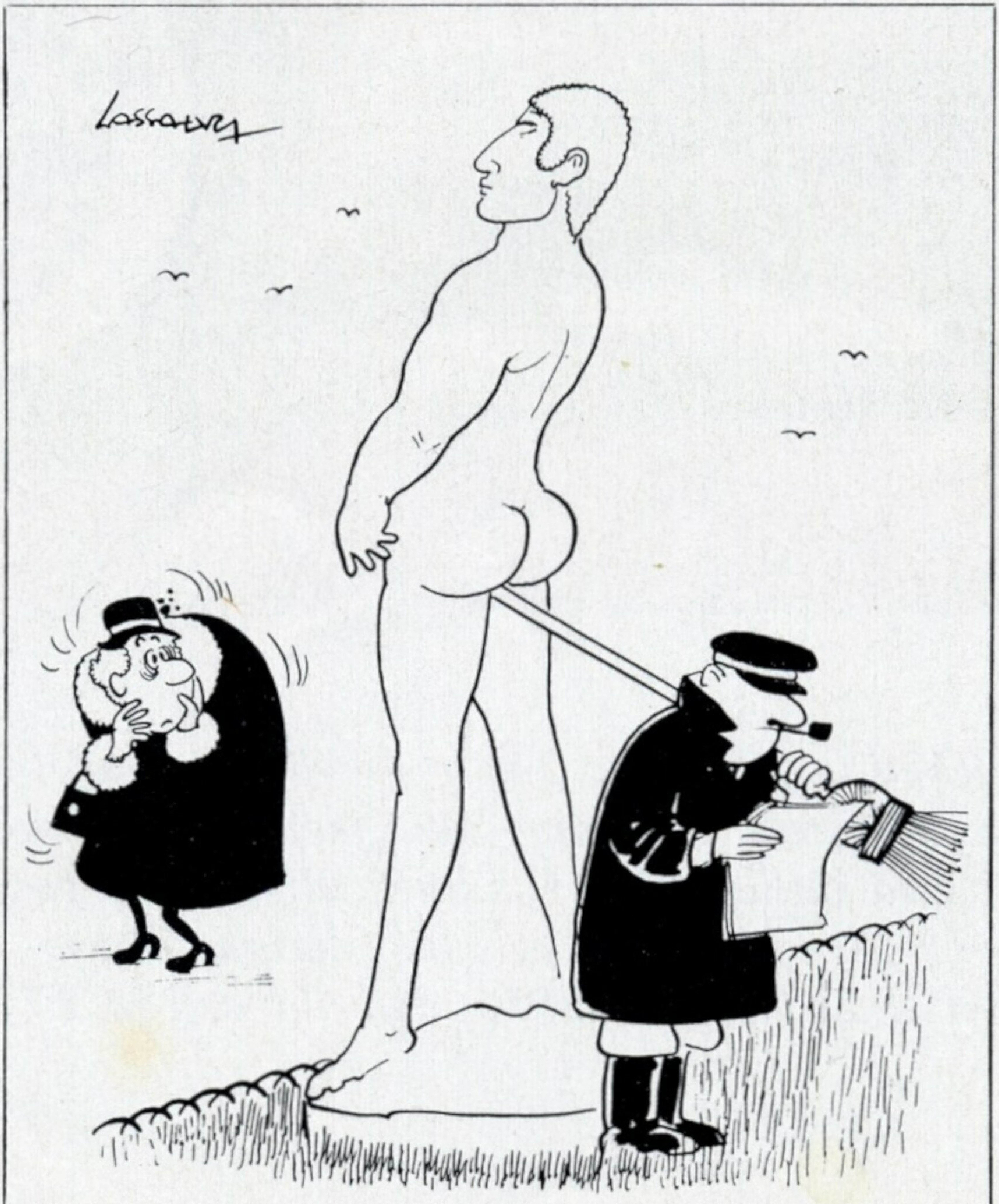
Address ....

.... Date.................................. M77

If you do not wish to cut your magazine, we shall be happy to receive your order on plain paper. Don't forget to specify exactly which film you want. Block capitals throughout, please.



'Christine! – I thought I'd catch you! – How many times have I told you not to leave your clothes lying all over the place!'


Lassalvy

LETTERS

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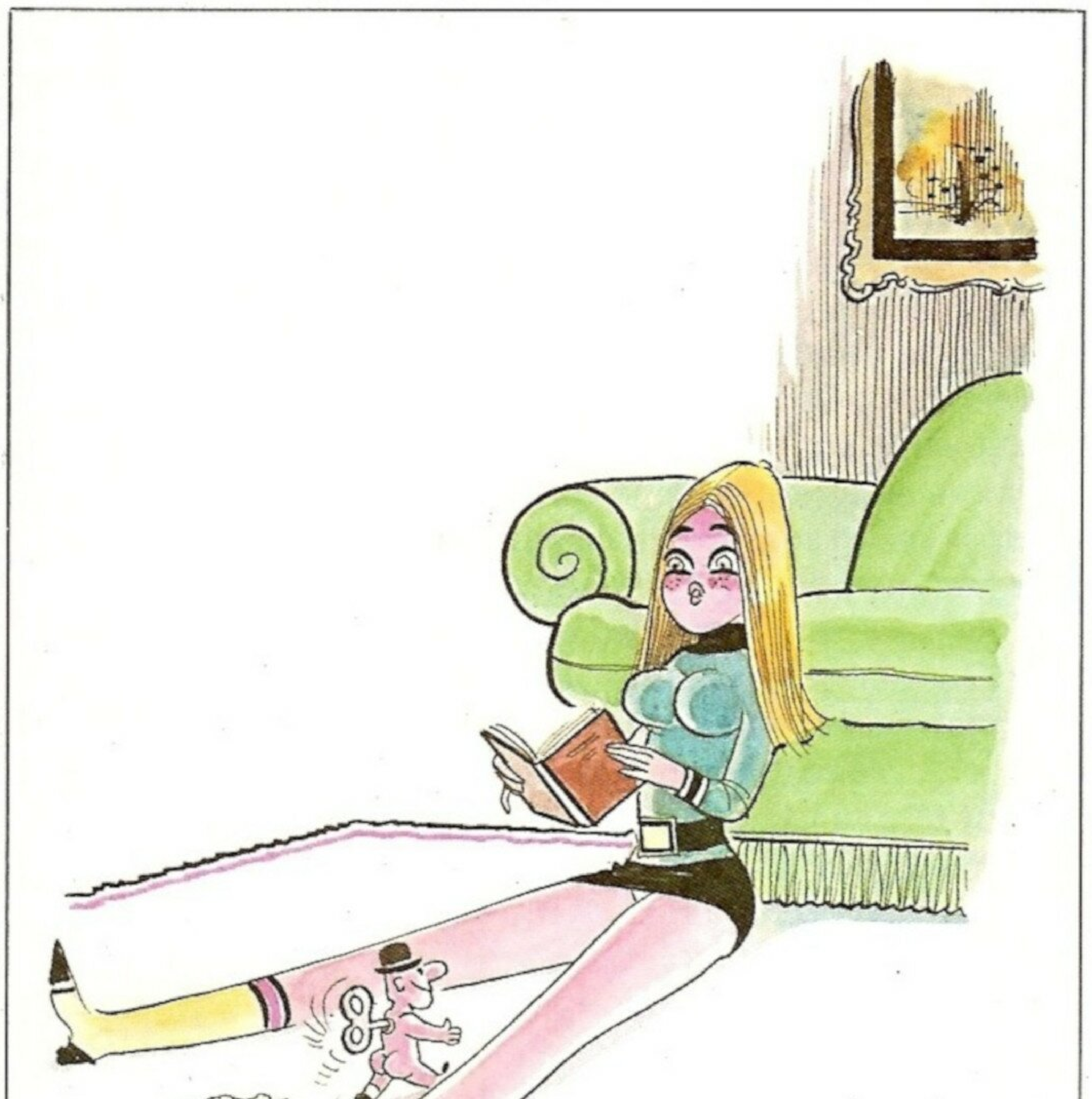
her head. If however she does she replies 'Atacama'. Thus would all the usual puerile mumbles be abolished. I'd be interested to know what girls think of this idea.
I.L.M., Golders Green, London NW11

A little more polite, we admit, than the acquaintance of ours who merely asks in an enquiring voice: 'Do you go to bed with men you've just met?' Judging from the rings round his eyes an awful lot of girls do.

Your article on stockings was very interesting. There were many films that had scenes of girls in their stockings but the one I remember best is when actress Virginia McKenna in *The Smallest Show on Earth* put hers on with some speed. You should follow this article with one on lingerie, starting from about 1920. In *TV Times* a while ago the actress Gillian Lewis, who was in the series *The Mind of Mr. J. G. Reeder,* said she liked the women's fashions of the 1920's which included 'the elastic walk' as it was known because of wearing celanese bloomers. I wouldn't mind seeing her parading in them at all.
W.G.M., Rochdale, Lancs.

Nor would we. Incidentally, we have a theory at Mayfair *about the attraction men have for various styles of women's underwear. We think most men retain a predeliction for the type of underwear they first disturbed, i.e. that which the girl was wearing at the time of their first sexual triumph. If this is true you started very young!*

I was looking through Mayfair Volume 7, No. 2 when I came across the pictures of Joanna. The one of her sitting, with her knees raised reminded me of a girl I saw one August Bank Holiday down by the Thames at Laleham.
My wife and I had gone there to picnic. It was a hot day and it was very crowded, but we found a space and sat down. Nearby was another family – mother, father and two daughters aged about 10 and 18. The two girls were both in swimsuits, and went into the water quite often. After tea, the parents and the younger daughter picked up the picnic things and went off – leaving the other girl still sunbathing.
After a while she started to get dressed. She held her dress over her head like a bell-tent, removed the top part of her bikini, replacing it with her bra, and then fastened her dress. Then she removed the other half of her swimming costume, lay back with her knees raised and carried on sunbathing.
I realised she had not put her panties back on, but could not see properly from where I was lying. So I rolled over a couple of times on the grass, bringing me into line with her. I was then able to see a most wonderful sight. She had lovely dark pubic hair, and I was able to watch her for about half an hour, and then she gathered up her things and left.
I wonder if she still goes there now?
S. G. Blake, Ringway, Southall, Middx



My wife and myself were interested in your spanking article. We have practised this form of sexual excitement for years and we are convinced it is one of the reasons that we are so successful in our marriage. It seems to rid us of the artificial images and presentations people are required to have today.
My wife prefers to be restrained in some manner or other as it is extremely difficult to prevent a natural reaction to being struck a stinging blow from a cane or strap.
Over the years we have evolved a garment we call our straight jacket.
It is a simple garment of PVC in the shape of a blouse without any sleeves. My wife folds her arms behind her, I then fit the jacket over her shoulders and do up the back zip, fastening the waist belt and collar and enclosing her completely from waist to neck. It is tight fitting and as well as being restrictive is effective as an erotic garment. It is really a modern version of some of the earlier equipment described in your article.
H.T., Kew, Surrey

Feeling that I normally spend enough of my day among cows with swollen udders, I normally pass as quickly as possible by the vast breasts which have for so long weighed heavily on the photographic pages of your illustrious journal. This to get to Quest, to see if that terribly nice and awfully smug interviewer (is he really a youth club leader in a dog collar??? – he sounds like it, never having heard of a village bike indeed (Vol. 5, No. 7, P70) what seminary did the sweetie go to) has finally lost all control of himself on hearing just one little dolly-bird's confession too many and jumped her in a furze bush. Bet you wouldn't print it if he did, but surely the temptation is too much for any ordinary man to resist?
Anyway to get to the point of the letter, passing through the tits I accidentally had the pages fall open on Fleur. COR! and immediately experienced that warm wet feeling in the genitals which only comes with exceptional lust. A feeling that I can never remember having engendered by Mayfair (or King) in its history. A real live girl, undeformed but probably not undefiled. Why not scrub Quest (and its frustrated interviewer) the fiction, Michael and Cynthia, the train, boat and all your other favourite disasters, the sports cars which are just wish fantasies of your fat old married readership, the funny sick cartoons and the singularly unfunny after dinner jokes and just devote the entire issue to Fleur. Fleur smelling fleurs, emptying dustbins, studying for her PhD, riding horses and kangaroos, cooking dinner, playing with snakes, bending over backwards, jumping forwards and running a mile, having baths, showers, on top of four posters and under water beds, being ridden by a camel and kissing a silky tiger, brushing her flat, her hair, her boots and her man. Fleur wrapped in a tape from a tape recorder, stoking a fire, barbecuing her backside, driving motor bikes, buses and big black men and other little girls. COR!
So now it's back to the pigs, ours have better arses than

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